RATTLING THE CUP

ON CHICAGO CRIME

By Edward D. Sullivan

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RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME

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EDWARD D. SULLIVAN

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TO MY FATHER

"RATTLING THE CUP"

There is no greater egoist than the modern criminal. He is careful, well protected and usually associated with an organization ready to do at least half as much for him as it demands in return. Before entering upon any specific crime the racketeer, gangster or booze runner of to-day has his lawyer or "mouthpiece" ready to defend such action as can possibly develop from the planned activity.

The one thing that can trip him is a squawk!

The vast majority of deaths among modern criminals are due to the fact that the victims did, might, or could squawk, placing others in jeopardy. The gangster whose courage is questioned and who "knows something" is tripping along on the border of eternity.

When a slayer has been arrested and a possible informer is subsequently thrown into a cell—after plenty of treatment—to "think it over," there is murderous curiosity on the part of the guilty one regarding the conduct of his pal. If the latter rattles his cell cup on the bars to attract the guard's attention he will thereafter be safer in "stir" than out of it. He may only want a cigarette, a drink of water or a threaded needle, but if the slayer is convicted or the police seem well informed of the details of the crime, the cup-rattler will sooner or later hear the rattle of slugs that bring him death.

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INTRODUCTION

AMERICA'S greatness, spectacularly demonstrated in—and since—the World War, has centered the eyes of all nations upon American progress, possessions, methods, and habits of life.

And the world has been amused and bewildered at the American prohibition mess, even as it has been astounded and appalled at the almost unbelievable record of crime which has accompanied America's progress to leadership. The tolerance with which this vast criminal activity is viewed within the United States is the source of undisguised amazement to the peoples beyond our borders. And because of the violence, extent, and organization of crime in Chicago, that city has become, in the minds of many people here and abroad, the world capital of crime.

Yet the city thus maligned by the activities of its least desirable citizens grows great apace, and to many representative minds has world leadership as its destiny.

With the piling up of criminal atrocities in Chicago, the attitude of the world may be summed up in the old query:

"What's all the shooting for?"

The purpose of this book is to answer that question, not particularly the details of routine murders, or casual social killings, but rather to explain what the whizzing bullets of Chicago's Gangland are aimed at—and why. To give insight into the combustion which bombs political candidates out of their homes; to show why a legion of Chicago policemen have been slain, why an Assistant State's Attorney was murdered with two dead gangsters in the automobile beside him, and how it happened that seven men were lined up in a garage gang headquarters and torn to pieces with three hundred machine gun bullets.

Although there is a dramatic power in Chicago's violent underworld activities, statistics show that in crime per capita the mid-western metropolis has many rivals in America. The sweep of crime is countrywide. It is to be hoped that the details set forth in this book may in some measure lessen the tolerance with which the American public views the greatest crime record ever attained by a nation.

It is true in Chicago and elsewhere in America that a large element in the criminal population are officials sworn to uphold the law. Add to these traitors the great quota of crooked police and the palm-itching and opportunity-dazed prohibition grafters, and you have the answer to the present lack of respect for law.

Of course there was a tremendous public reaction when it was discovered that a cabinet official under the late President Harding had sold out the interests of the United States for money. Then came an Attorney General of the United States trapped in multiple charges of official corruption. He refused to take the stand for fear of incriminating or degrading himself. A Governor of Illinois was charged with depositing one million dollars of the State's funds in a bank which never existed. A Governor of Indiana packed his bag and went to Leavenworth Prison for fraud. The Governor of Texas was impeached for convincing reasons and the Alien Property Custodian for varied frauds and thefts, after which the head of the United States Veterans' Bureau took his place at the head of the legion of meanest thieves by bilking the maimed heroes of the World's War.

By comparison, in the public mind, the uneducated, clever, or needy crook becomes almost popular. The public attitude toward the criminal in this country has changed materially in ten years. Unless he be particularly brutal in his operations, steal from the helpless or otherwise include an element of meanness or viciousness in his daily or nightly stint, the reading public is inclined to applaud his "getting away with it." When he takes a calm bead on a pal

and blows the criminal plans out of his unsuspecting head, even the police wax enthusiastic, since it saves them trouble, and they have plenty. When a hold-up victim is slain, there seems to be a slight public indignation over the foolhardiness of the deceased in not having raised his hands quicker.

This book is not concerned with what should be done to halt or lessen crime. But in as much as the public pays the bill, let us consider the attitude of the public toward criminals in a general way. You know that in all crook plays the policeman is the villain, but let's consider what happens when a criminal is brought to trial in actual life. It's interesting. First, the sob sisters of the newspapers tell of his excellent bearing, good eyes, graceful hands, or whatever possible virtues can be attributed to him. If he is convicted, despite the innumerable legal twists and peculiarities of which he can take advantage, the majority of citizens do not want him killed by the State. If he is sentenced to prison, he settles down to pass as pleasantly as possible the comparatively few months that are likely to intervene before the political influence of his organization obtains his release.

Heigh-ho, let's get on with the book.

EDWARD D. SULLIVAN.

RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME

Chapter 1

MEET THE TOWN

PERHAPS the simplest way of introducing the reader into the powder-burnt labyrinth of Chicago crime is to recite the first contact I had with the situation, back in July, 1919. Up to the time the first few shots were fired I was something of a poet—I had been writing *Little Stories of Life in New York* for many years, and was now called to embark on a blithesome feature called *At the End of the Loop.*

But on the day of my arrival in Chicago, some definite differences of opinion arose among the shooting and stabbing classes, and it was many a day before I could lay aside my armament and strum the lyric lyre. The issue of war at that time was racial. As if to prove all that I had heard about Chicago, there began on the day of my arrival, July 27, 1919, the most vicious and costly race riot this country has ever seen. Thirty-eight people were killed, five hundred and forty-three injured, and six thousand state troops were brought into the Negro districts when fires totalling nearly two million dollars in loss were set by incendiaries.

It was several days before martial law became effective, and in the interim occurred a lull which convinced the editors of my paper that the rioting was subsiding. I was given what appeared to be a very sensible assignment down in the troubled district. Negroes are believed to be improvident and my story was to chronicle the resumption of usual activities in the Negro zone: the wholesale shopping which must follow a week's confinement under siege in these poorly provisioned homes. A month later this turned out to be a good assignment, but the day I sallied forth it was a deliberate flirtation with death.

Since it was impossible to get a cab to enter the troubled area, the *Herald-Examiner* had obtained some motorcycles to take the feature writers through the police lines. No one craved these assignments, but everyone went when ordered.

When my car got down to the borderline of trouble none of the optimism prevailing at my distant office was to be found in our conversation with the police officials and officers in command. Every window in sight contained six to eight Negro faces. At intervals of every few doorways were policemen, well back in the shelter and peering intently and defensively at the massed faces in the buildings opposite. Four persons had been killed and a policeman wounded

in the hour of our arrival. I began to have doubts, accompanied by vague chills, about the necessity of going down into the district.

"How about it?" I said to my driver. "Shall we go in there?"

"Sure," he said. He lifted the end of a banner with the paper's name on it, which was attached to the motorcycle, and said, "This will get us by. The paper's been giving the jigaboos all the best of it. They won't pop off at us."

So in we went. We drove along down State Street, absolutely alone, a one motorcycle procession. In the distance we could see a vast complement of fire apparatus engaged on a great fire. In our vicinity there was not the slightest traffic in the street, and it was as quiet as though the thousands of Negroes, gazing intently at us from the surrounding windows, were merely masks.

It didn't require much imagination to understand that there was hatred and well-based resentment behind many of those masks. The Negroes were hungry; the bulk of the police repressive measures had been burdened upon them; their death list was three to one as compared with the whites'; and the cause of this riot was that a white man, if you care to call him that, had thrown a seven-year-old colored boy off a raft into the lake when the boy had made the

mistake of swimming over to a beach reserved for whites.

As I considered these details and observed the strained faces in the windows, I began to put less and less dependence on the gaudy banner of a paper which had told the truth. Lots of Negroes who own shot guns can't even read.

Anyway, my attitude toward the banner and its potentialities was verified when we reached Thirty-first Street.

Our danger developed so gradually and quietly that I hardly realized its presence until it had ceased to exist. And it ceased to exist due to the quick brain, iron nerve, and good driving precision of the fellow at my left—a fellow who was subsequently to become one of the most romantic figures in Chicago gangland. He won my friendship and gratitude that day. I won his confidence later. And I learned some strange tricks and traits of Chicago crime through him.

Let's get back to the scare. As we reached Thirty-first Street, on this hot July day, I saw a policeman on his knees, feebly reaching for his hat which rested on the ground before him. His name was John Simpson of the Wabash Avenue Station, and, as I watched him, he died. A shot exploded at my ear, fired by my driver, who was gazing intently at a roof above the policeman.

Before I even saw anything on the roof, he darted ahead and into an alley.

Instantly I discovered it was the wrong alley. About twenty Negroes, waving, cursing and obviously drunk, were to be seen about half way down the alley course before us. One with his back toward us, fired a shot into the air. They discovered us, even as my driver, swinging the car backwards, whirled out of the alley, turned abruptly, and started back up State Street. I took a quick glance at the building before which the policeman lay.

On its roof was a Negro, his eyes on us, struggling with a giant Negress, dressed in white. He had a rifle, and was trying to turn it toward us. We veered over the curb on his side of the street and passed along north at lightning speed. Distant guns were popping. The metal bowl of a shovel came hurtling down on the sidewalk a short distance ahead of us. We hugged the curb, jolting along at top speed.

"One side's enough to worry about," said the driver, who, automatic in hand, eyed the buildings opposite as we drove along.

At Twenty-fifth Street and State, a group of police officers and executives were gathered. We drove over to them.

"There is a policeman down the street . . ." I started to say.

A police captain looked at me, stony-visaged. He talked without moving his lips, like a ventriloquist.

"Take my advice and get out of here," he said. "We know all about that. They've called the militia. Things are popping. Get that machine out of here as fast as you can."

And so, at a terrific speed, we skirted the right curb of State Street, and deserted the scene an hour before a million-dollar fire, fifty assaults, and two more deaths.

You may doubt it, but I recovered my breath just before we reached my distant office. Wonderful control of the upper lung. The principal reason I asked this smart and courageous driver who he was, was that, although I am notably cynical, I had decided, once and for all, to have and to hold, never to change, that he was a whale of a fellow.

And he was, in his way.

He was Dion O'Banion, at that time employed as "circulation slugger" for the newspaper. He was to become one of the wealthiest and most powerful bootleggers in Chicago, a hard hand in a hard game, until such times as his foes shot him to death in his flower shop, maintained as a blind for his large and profitable underworld operations.

It should be said here that any transgressor

of the law must have as a first essential in his work—a respectable job. Subject to all sorts of harassments by the police, when once convicted, they must at least have something to forestall repeated arrests for vagrancy—a technical charge, preferred merely to hold them. Newspapers have influence, and so underworld characters very often seek employment in the circulation department. It's a tough job. One must be smart, tough, willing, and efficient. Those whose records are flawless usually want no part of it.

Work in the circulation department involves long hours. Underworld potentates, such as O'Banion became, cannot give it the time. And so his job became that of proprietor of a large flower shop in which he was to appropriately die among the lilies.

Chapter II

DION O'BANION AND THE FLOWER SHOP

DION O'BANION was quick on the trigger.

Too much so, his associates thought—and his enemies knew. The first day I ever met him he drew his gun for what seemed to me a reasonably worthy cause—namely, myself. Later, in perhaps less worthy causes, he used it at regular intervals. Once he went so far as to shoot the Miller brothers—Maxie and Dave—in the lobby of the La Salle Street Theater at the close of a performance. Even the Chicago underworld regarded his performance as needlessly showy and impetuous.

He winged them both, missing all the lay citizens in the lobby.

That very accuracy is typical of Chicago gangsters. Their marksmanship is not like that of the old-time policeman, who, in shooting a mad dog, would invariably ricochet the shot from a hydrant or curb, frequently knocking the toupee off a gentleman in an upper window. When a Chicago gangster fires a shot—and, indeed, when

doesn't he?—the person aimed at is hit. And in many instances he is of less value to the city than anybody else in that particular vicinity.

But O'Banion's lobby shooting was not so good from a conservative point of view. To show how dangerous it was, he was nearly convicted for it—despite the fact that he was never even brought into court when arrested eight times, after that number of racketeers whom he obviously disliked had been taken on those rural rides from which there is no returning.

Yes, O'Banion was impetuous. One day, since he was not a cigar smoker himself, he asked me what were the best cigars I knew—he was sending them to a hospital.

"Who's sick?" I asked.

"This guy," he said, showing me a newspaper clipping.

The article set forth that one Arthur Vadis, a laborer, when crossing the Madison Street Bridge in the early morning had been shot in the leg. He had seen no one.

O'Banion explained: "This morning I am going across the Madison Street Bridge and I got plenty on my mind. Some guy's been trailing me lately. It could be any one of a lot of things. Anyway, there was no one around and an automobile crossed the bridge and backfired. I didn't know what it was. I took a pop at the only guy

I saw. I got to send some smokes over to him."

O'Banion's original racket was safe-blowing, and the nitro boys regarded him as rather terrible at the work. Very little care and plenty of explosion were involved in his technique, and after desultory results he was caught red-handed at a labor office safe in the Postal Telegraph Building. It cost him nearly thirty thousand dollars to get out of that. He was young and reckless, or he would never have been in it. But just then the opportunities of prohibition became obvious, and he regained the thirty thousand—and then some.

What O'Banion lacked in care or comprehensive planning, he made up in stark courage and the faculty of instantly seizing a chance. He was one of Chicago's earliest hi-jackers. And for those who may not know what is the matter with America, it may be stated that a hi-jacker is a gallant interrupter who waylays a bootlegger and takes his carload of liquor away from him. It's a good trick if you can do it. Everything but the law is against the hi-jacker.

Of course, as the business of bootlegging became organized the bootleggers began systematically to eradicate the hi-jackers by gun-fire. For a time O'Banion went under the wing of Johnny Torrio, former boss of Scarface Al Capone, but he and his band never quite got over the fascination of the hi-jacker's rôle. It led to

his death, to the death of his successor, Hymie Weiss, and to the death of Hymie's successor, Schemer Drucci. An on Valentine's Day, 1929, the successor of Drucci—Bugs Moran—lost seven of the toughest booze operatives Chicago ever knew when they were lined up and mowed down by "choppers"—that is, machine gun killers. Hi-jacking is a stiff way to make a living.

To give the reader a notion of the scale on which O'Banion and his subordinates operated, it may be well to tell of an affair which led to his indictment in May, 1924.

There is a warehouse in Chicago known as the Sibley warehouse. In December, 1923, O'Banion and his associates—all dapper, gun-toting business men—learned that the Sibley warehouse contained one million dollars worth of excellent liquor. It was a sweet spot for a hi-jacking.

But the Sibley warehouse was found to be carefully guarded, as befits any structure containing one million dollars worth of anything in great demand. So O'Banion involved police officers in his manipulations. The police officers, analyzing their power and finding it insufficient, conferred long and intently with O'Banion—who was always receptive. Presently the Sibley warehouse was full of barrels of water, the O'Banion gang was driving a new fleet of imported cars and their blonde friends were atwinkle with jewels.

O'Banion is dead and so are the details. But among those who were indicted in a court proceeding, which got nowhere in particular, were Sackett H. Verrall, President and Treasurer of the Sibley warehouse; Walter and Sheridan Clinnin, brothers of Col. John V. Clinnin, formerly First Assistant United States District Attorney, four prominent detectives of the Chicago Police Department, ten bootleggers and Dion O'Banion.

O'Banion was clever, good-humored and, in the main, well balanced. He was stockily built, blue eyed, could sing a song well and had a genuinely pleasant smile. And the smile did not fade even when those about him were glum with fear.

In a business requiring cold courage he was perhaps too coldly courageous. But aside from that trait, which brought him death, his reaction to and manipulation of Chicago crime opportunity in the pioneer prohibition days was almost flawless. The Sibley indictment caused him no worry. He spent a day in jail as a result of this million dollar operation and that was merely pending technical adjustments, readily accomplished.

It is not my purpose to undertake a complete summation of O'Banion's activities. I merely use the Sibley warehouse case as an indication

of the caliber of his ambitious efforts. Let us now examine the details of the killing of one John Duffy, alias Dougherty, of Philadelphia, to show how bitterly effective was the operation of O'Banion's dislike.

John Duffy was imported from Philadelphia early in February, 1924, to do some Chicago killing. It was generally accepted that the people he was to bump off were Davy Miller, afterward prominently mentioned for the position of referee of the Chicago Dempsey-Tunney fight, and his brother, Herschey. The Millers were not afraid of O'Banion. They had money, they had power, and they were beginning to "push O'Banion around."

A year before Herschey Miller, in company with Nails Morton, had taken occasion to kill two dectectives at the black-and-tan Entertainers' Club. They bounced up with considerable prestige when they were acquitted, and in 1924 Herschey Miller and his brothers were pushing into the rackets in a large way.

So John Duffy, reputed to be plenty hard, cool and accurate, blew into Chicago with automatics in his baggage. He had come to visit the Millers, but they did not know it. In reality he had come to his own funeral, but he did not know it.

Duffy was a loud noise. He talked too much out of the side of his mouth, dressed shabbily and,

in general, was an old-fashioned tough. He made O'Banion sick. Finding that he had been shipped a fool, O'Banion threw caution to the winds and took a couple of shots at the Miller boys in the La Salle Street Theater lobby as before stated. A business man in the millions forced to do his own dirty work! The more he thought of that, the less he thought of Duffy.

Meanwhile Duffy had met and fallen in love with Mabel Exley, a naïve and inexperienced Louisville girl, dancing and starving in a Chicago night club. She knew nothing about the world or how to get on in it. Duffy, as he admitted himself, knew it all.

They went to live at 1216 Carmen Avenue, Chicago. Duffy, really in love and really in danger and really stupid, fed the girl on conversation and got no income. She started to leave him, wearied of his futile boasting, and when he remonstrated, this foolish girl threatened to tell things he had told her about O'Banion, the Millers and things in general. Crazed with love and fear, he killed her. She was found with her arms folded and with a pillow under her head at what the newspapers called the Carmen Avenue love nest.

It is not difficult to piece together what occurred thereafter. Duffy, desperate, penniless and without influence, flew to O'Banion for help

in getting out of a town in which you had better not be desperate without influence.

O'Banion disliked Duffy. Duffy was dangerous. He had accomplished nothing—shot off his mouth all over town. He was now involved in a jam which would lead the questioning police directly to him. He might talk—he probably would talk.

On the morning of February 23, 1924, the body of John Duffy was found on a snow bank in a prairie to the southwest of Chicago. Through the medium of five bullets he had ceased to be tough.

There is no purpose in going through the arrests on suspicion, the quick releases through influence and ready money and the vast return in money and prestige which came to O'Banion during his period in the sun.

In 1923 he married a quiet and attractive blonde girl. Her name was Anna Kaniff. It was clear to those who knew O'Banion that they lived very happily, that she knew little of the operations in which he was involved, and that at no time up to his slaying in 1924 had she realized that death lurked constantly at his elbow.

It is strange the peculiar twists that can find lodgment in a character. O'Banion, vengeful, unfeeling and desperate in the dangerous field

in which he moved, was a genuine homelover when not active in his outlawed affairs. An incident will illustrate. Early in his career, when he was about to go on trial for the reckless safe blowing, I met him coming out of the Sherman Hotel with a large envelope of phonograph records under his arm. I said something about music having charms, to which he answered:

"These are for my mother. To-morrow I go on trial and she's nervous as a cat. On the level I ought to be, but I think I'm all set. It's going to cost some money. These records are swell, but I bring them to her every week anyway. What else would be good to cheer up an old lady who's worried to death? Believe me, she don't deserve a worry in the world."

Even in those early days, before his greater prosperity, O'Banion maintained a most comfortable and beautifully furnished home for his mother. As Sporting Editor of the *Herald-Examiner,* I was in a position to give O'Banion tickets for fights, a favor he appreciated mightily, even in the later days of his million-dollar operations. With other newspapermen I visited his home on a couple of occasions. The parties were quiet and pleasant, elderly friends of his good-looking mother being among the guests. There was not the slightest trace of O'Banion's best-

known traits, either in the home he made for his mother, or his later home with Anna Kaniff.

With what tears and hysteria his wife explained this at Chicago's first $100,000 funeral, following O'Banion's death.

Two months before that slaying the quarrel for trade areas in the now super-organized Chicago bootleg industry had reached a crisis. Scarface Al Capone was developing unprecedented power, so great that O'Banion sought to maintain an armed neutrality with this former den keeper, now risen to a real niche in the Chicago political situation.

This political power was attained by Capone in a way readily understood. He, with the doomed Genna Brothers working under his aid and direction, first employed a vast group of distillers and alcohol cookers in the tenement homes of the Italian areas.

This was infinitely better than a centralized distilling operation, for when one unit was raided or disturbed for any reason, the rest remained operating on all cylinders to meet the tremendous alchoholic demand of Chicago. Obscure Italian families in great numbers were equipped with the necessary apparatus, and the cooking out of poisons went on in their homes.

Picture the situation. A father employed as a laborer, trying to earn a living for the notably

numerous individuals of an Italian family. Some agent of Capone gets in touch with him. He sets up his copper equipment and starts to make real money, perhaps a minimum of fifteen dollars a day. He has leisure; he no longer gets up at five o'clock in the morning. His new income is beyond his previous dreams, and all the hopes and aspirations of his family, whether they have to do with education, good appearance, diversion or better social status in the neighborhood, are magically gratified.

Who provides the almost unbelievable change in the family atmosphere and circumstances?

"Mr. Capone."

But it is too good to believe! What if they are arrested and all this happiness leads to disgrace? Can anything save them?

"Mr. Capone."

How would you feel about it if your life, honestly lived, had been an endless struggle with scant reward? If you were untrained and ignorant—or even intelligent? Do you think your family would appreciate this change of fortune and idolize whoever provided it. Yes, it would —from papa right down to the baby!

And there you have the heart of what politicians mean when they utter the word "constituency."

So when Al Capone went to the City Hall on

any matter that might be vital to his tangled but highly remunerative enterprises, do you think the political leaders called him "Scarface," or were insulting? I'll tell you what they called him:

"Mr. Capone."

No one recognized this situation more readily and with more misgiving than did O'Banion. His method of manipulation in liquor matters, while profitable, made few friends and built little power. He either hi-jacked the other fellow's liquor, slicked a warehouse or hideaway, or took long chances on transportation with his own crack crew of booze hustlers.

When O'Banion, associated in a friendly way with Torrio and Capone in Chicago's early booze supply, entered the war of the beer barons in supplying the retail trade in Chicago, his customers were forced into their patronage, and were, therefore, no particular friends of his. His rivals were out to get him the moment he "muscled into" the beer field, and any Capone tolerance of his activities dwindled to nothingness.

The situation was a bad one. No one need tell O'Banion that he was intruding and no one need inform him that it was a dangerous situation in which to intrude. The Gennas, in addition, had begun selling corrected wood alcohol at three dollars a gallon, two dollars under the O'Banion price. O'Banion had told Angelo, brashest of

that family doomed to annihilation, that they would either quit it, or else. He was not fooling.

A complete break with Capone was now certain. And so, as customary, O'Banion decided to have it with a bang. Over on the West Side in Chicago O'Banion and Torrio, friend of Capone, had a brewery—the Sieben Brewing Company. Torrio took his cut of the profits and knew little about the management or status of things at that particular property.

Joseph Stenson backed this brewery and other brewing enterprises with gangsters who held the offices and had a share of the property in exchange for their ability to compel speakeasies to buy their beer. Stenson, a man of wealth, had connections which made it a simple matter to progress with the actual brewing details without interruption.

He lived in the best residential section of Chicago—which he could afford to do at upward of $12,000,000 a year—and was for many years in no way identified in the public mind with the gangsters. He knew where to go, whom to see and what to pay, aside from having a bank roll ample to launch new enterprises. In return for good money Chicago, as early at 1921, was getting good beer and good delivery through this association.

At that time more attention was paid to busi-

ness than to murder and the results showed in the brew.

With the Sieben brewery working at capacity, things were developing that only O'Banion recognized. He decided to cut loose for himself.

Torrio and Capone, having given him what they believed to be a great break for a young fellow in their organization, were out of temper with him for his uppety conduct and for his strong "in" with police, built largely at the outset, with their organization's money.

Circumstances made this the time for a ruction. The situation at the Sieben brewery was not so good.

The Federal authorities were beginning to fret about that property and Chicago cops, who had been protecting shipments from the place, got to know that Chief Morgan A. Collins, who knew Dion O'Banion well, had his eye on things thereabouts. Things looked mussy and O'Banion alone of all the "big shots" knew about it. He hushed his informers.

Then, without a word to disclose the situation, O'Banion talked with Torrio and West Side lieutenants of Capone and announced his intention of giving up the beer racket. It was great news.

HE SOLD THEM HIS SHARE OF THE BREWERY.

Within a week it was raided. The authorities

had the brewery; O'Banion had his money and the West Side mob had as good a reason for murder as they will ever require.

For days O'Banion did not leave his flower shop. Across the street, in upper rooms, south of Holy Name Cathedral, a machine gun covered his door. His rivals knew that two men lounged about his place. The West Side mob knew them, knew what they carried.

Nearly two months went by. Then Mike Merlo, head of the Sicilian Union and the only influence which ever kept the Gennas and O'Banion from gun-fire, died. That night a man telephoned Dion O'Banion, talked in a sorrowful voice about Mike's death, and ordered a tremendous floral piece. He would call for it the following day at two o'clock—it was to head a delegation at the funeral.

At the precise hour mentioned the following day three quietly dressed men drove up in what was obviously an undertaker's automobile. O'Banion, tremendously busy with orders and deliveries for the Merlo funeral, was unprotected. Except for a young colored porter, he was alone in the shop. The three men approached him, and the man in the middle of the trio reached out and shook hands with O'Banion. He held the hand firmly while his two companions riddled O'Banion.

It was immediately apparent to the police that O'Banion either knew and had no fear of one of that trio or else had been "softened" by the well told story of flowers for Mike Merlo's funeral. The porter in the flower ship said that O'Banion, with shears in his left hand, had extended his right to "a tall dark man who walked between the other two."

O'Banion, with two automatics in specially tailored pockets, would have kept one hand disengaged if he had felt the slightest doubt of the visitors. He never had a chance. Five shots were fired first—all high on the victim—which is typical of gangster bump-offs. Two in the right chest. Two in the throat. One in the cheek. Then a delay and the final one—a carefully considered finisher—through the head. That's gang stuff.

In the more recent killing of Arnold Rothstein in New York the type of the shooting indicated that it resulted from "messing around" or a sudden outburst of anger, as was true of the slaying of his bodyguard, Walsh, a few weeks later in Florida. These men were shot in the stomach. Gangsters do not, in premeditated killings, either fire one shot or aim at the lower body. Death is too uncertain that way. There is a delay before death—time for talk.

There was no delay for O'Banion.

How gangland seethed after that killing! And then came the famous funeral, one of the most unusual and bizarre demonstrations this country has ever known.

Somehow or other the details of that funeral were a blow to Chicago. Disconnected events had indicated that the city was gang-ridden and to an extent gang-controlled. But there was secrecy, neatness and dispatch about the shootings. There was an element of bravura about the funeral—gangdom was announcing that it realized its power—Chicago was shocked.

The funeral of Dion O'Banion was without any question the most elaborate ever held in that city. Imposing beyond all good taste, it was simply astounding in its cost and pretensions. The body "lay in state" for three days and thousands viewed it. There were twenty-six truckloads of flowers! Some of the individual pieces cost as much as $5,000. More than twenty thousand people were in the street before the Sbarbaro Funeral Parlors, where gangster funerals are conducted with éclat. Presidents are buried with less to-do.

A vast detachment of police mingled in the gangster mobs and suggested peace—if only for one day. At a pointed suggestion from the authorities, guns were given over by killers to their confederates who met them again at the Mt.

Carmel Cemetery—outside of Chicago jurisdiction—and turned them back to the skilled owners.

It was a great show! It astounded the Mayor of the city. He could scarcely believe that a gangster was being buried with this ovation and that his successors and rivals were openly boasting, as they were doing, that they had just begun the slaughter. And in utter reality they had merely begun.

A few flashes of the mawkish journalism which developed in this unusual period of gang mourning, preceding five years of murderous warfare, may prove interesting:

"At the corners of the magnificent casket are silver posts carved in wonderful designs. Modest is the dignified silver gray of the coffin, content with the austere glory of the carved silver posts at its corners and broken only by a scroll across one side which reads 'Dion O'Banion, 1892-1924.'"

"Silver angels stood at the head and feet with their heads bowed in the light of the ten candles that burned in the hands of the solid golden candlesticks they held in their hands. Beneath the casket on the marble slab that supports its glory, is the inscription 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' And over it all the perfume of flowers."

"Vying with the perfume was that of beautifully dressed women of gangland, wrapped in

costly furs and supported slowly down the aisles by excellently tailored gentlemen with steel-blue jaws and a furtive glance ever active."

One of the women writers spoke of the "graceful hands which could finger an automatic so effectively."

Bathos had a field day.

The first sign of stern recognition of values came from the Roman Catholic Archdiocese. Many years before, as a boy, O'Banion had used his very melodious voice in the boys' choir at Holy Name Cathedral. His gang associates had hoped for a church funeral and a service at the grave. They got neither. No service was permitted at the church and burial in consecrated ground was refused, the cardinal archbishop explaining that "a person who refuses the ministrations of the church in life need not expect such ministrations after death."

After this emphatic rebuff a rather unusual situation developed. The Rev. Patrick Malloy of St. Thomas of Canterbury Church had known O'Banion for many years. It seemed incredible that this good-natured boy and man could be all that had been said of him. He had liked O'Banion, as many another had, who found in him many pleasant traits seldom associated with viciousness. Father Malloy attended the funeral and, finally, as the body was being lowered in uncon-

secrated ground and without service of any kind, he stepped forward and said a few prayers, as a friend, without ritual and wearing no churchly garment.

Subsequently a tremendous shaft was placed over the grave by O'Banion's widow. But again the archdiocese took action and the shaft was supplanted by a modest stone.

Immediately after the funeral Louis Alterie, a gang associate of O'Banion, announced that he challenged the slayers to shoot it out at the corner of State and Madison Streets.

This bold declaration was the last straw for the Mayor of the city, who had been dazed by the desperate and maudlin episode of the O'Banion death and funeral.

"I am staggered by this state of affairs," said Mayor Dever. "Are we living by the code of the Dark Ages or is Chicago part of an American Commonwealth?

"One day we have this O'Banion slain as a result of a perfectly executed plot of assassins. It is followed by this amazing demonstration. In the meanwhile his followers and their rivals openly boast of what they will do in retaliation. They seek to fight it out in the street. There is no thought of the law or of the people who support the law."

But succeeding amazements nearly lifted the

Mayor's eyebrows out of all control. Even as the city resounded with the bands of O'Banion tremendous funeral, there came to Mr. Dever's attention a dinner which had been held in O'Banion's honor less than two weeks before his death.

He had been given a $2,000 diamond and ruby-set watch at that time, and among those who sat at the festive board applauding his neat response were the Chief of Detectives of the Chicago Police Department, more than twenty of his highest officials and about ten city executives.

Explanations by the hundred followed. Some of them were rather good, too. The Chief "thought the party was given for some one else." And since his explanation was among the better type of answers, we shan't go into the others.

Chapter III

SCARFACE AL CAPONE AND THE SEVENTY MILLION

LET us turn from the slain O'Banion to the living Capone, for that is precisely what the police did, before the smoke had fully cleared out of the flower shop. But the formula was an old and simple one. He was asked if he had committed the murder and his answer was negative.

It doesn't take a particularly adroit Chicago sleuth to realize that there is no percentage in whaling a rubber pipe around the level head of Al Capone. Things move too rapidly in political Chicago. So the questions were devoid of violence and the answers devoid of value.

Al Capone, now a national underworld figure, came to Chicago in 1920 with Johnny Torrio. They were members of the Five Point Gang in New York and they were brought on to protect Big Jim Colosimo, then overlord of Chicago vice, who was operating a system of saloons and houses of prostitution in Chicago's old Levee, or Tenderloin. The new body guards were shrewd. quiet and hard.

Their immediate task was to attend to a young man named Vincenzo Cosmano, a killer, who had notified Jim Colosimo that he wanted $5,000 left at a certain place at a certain time. They attended to him. Before Cosmano had time to get to the place he was resting in a hospital nursing some bullet holes. They made the arrangements and Jim did the shooting; there was plenty of it, as will be set forth elsewhere.

Torrio was dapper, cold and efficient. Capone, not yet scarred, was but twenty-one years old, stocky, fearless and ready to take directions, wherever they led him.

Prohibition was just settling down into a systematized and deadly joke. Torrio and Capone got the drift of what it would mean to fellows who were tough and willing to take a chance and, with a real organization behind them, were soon launched into the new super-graft.

Colosimo had the power to get things done and his two new aids could out-think him on any subject. With the trio working in unison the stature of Big Jim grew apace.

Gaudy restaurants replaced the saloons of the old Colosimo chain. The business was now a syndicate with the cabaret slant added to the old vice tie-up. Costly booze, couvert charge, increased "class" and multiplied income developed.

Just as the new organization was swinging the

astounding new racket for money such as all the gambling, vice and saloon interests of the old days had never produced, Big Jim Colosimo, involved in a romance which will be described later, was shot to death in the door of his own restaurant, the most ornate and notorious in Chicago. Cosmano, recovered from his wounds, was only one of thirty suspects, and no one was ever brought to trial for the murder.

Capone and Torrio, with a desperately efficient and growing organization, were no longer restricted by the limitations of Colosimo. They knew every one in the underworld or in crooked politics who could be of any value to them. By 1921, with the police either quiescent or helpful, they were all set for the millions. Their beer vans rumbled through Chicago and their high-powered automobiles swept in deftly disconnected caravans between Canada and Chicago, and New York and Chicago. Money poured in as never before in all vice or crook history.

Competition at that time was slight. Silent, fast working and clear-headed young toughs of Chicago were in new found clover. The life-and-death angle of competition, which was later to take its terrific toll, was not in evidence then. The Capone-Torrio group were literally doing all the business they could handle. Other groups were, with less organization, taking any business

they could swing in this new and deliriously profitable field. When a real personality like O'Banion popped up and seemed to be everywhere with his stuff, the Capone outfit reached out, gave him a split, and took him in with them.

This outfit was soon doing as great a volume of business and with nearly as great a return as any single legitimate business in the city—and the city is a haven of big business interests. Furthermore, inasmuch as the business was illegal, with so much necessary rushing to and fro and with such huge sums involved, Torrio and his aids decided to take over a suburb. They looked over Stickney, then Burnham and finally settled like locusts on Cicero.

This town is only forty minutes from Chicago's center. Its fifty-five thousand people are mainly employed in five large industrial plants. They work too hard to be curious or meddlesome.

Taking their time, winning confidence throughout the suburb, the bootleg organization slowly came into the town. With more money than it and eight surrounding towns had ever heard of, they proceeded with bribes, favors, jobs and allurements, to take over the elections, to own the town. It was accomplished.

Soon "The Tavern," "The Ship," and "The Stockade" were in operation in the vicinity, and they drew for both vice and gambling from the

nearby Chicago population. Brewery after brewery was opened by the group; more and larger gambling and vice establishments constantly developed.

As early as 1926 the Capone outfit was operating on a gross basis of seventy million dollars a year. Those figures are not mine; they are from the records of Edwin A. Olsen, United States District Attorney, and a genuine prosecutor. He, within the scope of his possibilities, was a constant annoyance to Capone's organization.

But, mind you, business has increased steadily. Al Capone, himself, who is not at all given to the habit of throwing figures about recklessly, estimates that thirty million dollars a year is spent for protection alone in Chicago. On this basis, the returns on gambling, vice and liquor-crime are to-day well over the one hundred million mark in the city.

When it is considered that $200 will buy the death of any unimportant person and that a "grand" (a thousand-dollar bill) will procure the death of any one, no matter how important, the figures have a real significance. As matters stand the obituary column is getting off lightly.

This type of money became more or less entwined in Chicago politics twenty years ago. With the new opportunities of prohibition and

the increase in the scope of thuggery due to these opportunities, this money power has become in most instances a determining factor in the elections.

Torrio made the original political contacts in Chicago under the guidance of Colosimo, but today Capone has reached a point in merged underworld and politics never dreamed of by his predecessors. Even as the death of Colosimo gave the Torrio-Capone outfit increased opportunity, so did the headlong flight of Torrio out of Chicago gangdom give Capone increased status and elbow room for his political ambitions.

Fourteen days after the death of Dion O'Banion, Hymie Weiss, who succeeded O'Banion in the leadership of the North Side gang, pulled up with three of his killers alongside of Torrio's car, and opened fire. They raked the car, killed Torrio's chauffeur and a dog beside him on the seat and drove on. Torrio was unhurt but his hat had two bullet holes in it. It had long been said of him that he could hand it out but hated to take it. He proved that to be true.

Two days later Torrio and his wife stepped from their car, on a street directly back of their house, intending, because of fear, to cut through to their own back door. Fifty slugs sprayed them from sawed-off shotguns as a big car swept by. Three of the shots struck Torrio; they were said

to be poisoned bullets prepared in garlic, and he was in the hospital a month. Meanwhile, his gang surrounded the institution. Torrio had had enough.

He knew that Hymie Weiss, who, before he himself was shot to pieces, was the most energetic dynamo of revenge Chicago gangland ever knew, would never stop till he got him. Thinking of a way out, Torrio recalled that he was under sentence of one year in the federal court on a prohibition charge that he had appealed. He withdrew his bail and appeal, and was sent to the Waukegan Jail, where he knew he was safe. He set about adjusting his affairs for permanent flight from Chicago. To Capone he handed over the gang leadership with its profits, troubles and dangers.

Weiss kept him informed that there was no hurry. The North Side gang would wait patiently. Twice Torrio had escaped death by a hair's breadth, but they still felt that he owed them a funeral.

Six weeks before his sentence was completed Torrio was released from jail and, with three cars filled with the pick of the Capone-Torrio outfit, sped to Buffalo. There he and the guards took train for New York. He immediately went aboard a steamship bound for Italy on which reservations had been obtained for him and four

guards. He had nearly a million dollars. He still lives in the South of Italy like a feudal lord —but guarded.

Weiss, in a rage upon learning that Torrio had slipped away from him, devoted less time to business than to revenge. He went to lengths of sheer bravado never before approached until the successors of his own gang, long after the death of Weiss, were shot to death—a line of seven unresisting gangsters—in the North Side booze headquarters.

Three times during the brief leadership of Weiss, Capone barely averted death. Twice his car was "picked away" from cars containing his own guards and swept by gunfire. Each time Capone's clothes were pierced by slugs, but he remained uninjured.

Finally the indomitable Weiss, who had sworn to get Capone within a year after O'Banion's death, took three cars full of his followers right into Cicero. Capone's people, tipped off twenty minutes before the cavalcade arrived, were under cover. But it was too unexpected an invasion to find them ready for a major combat.

The machine gun caravan slowly moved about Cicero looking into every face to be observed, then swung back by Capone's headquarters, "The Ship," and raked it with machine gun bullets from top to bottom. Inside in his steel shuttered

room Capone listened to the shattering process. Four bystanders were injured.

I remember his enthusiasm about the type of gun which had made a wreck of his building front.

"That's the gun!" he said; "it's got it over a sawed off shotgun like the shotgun has it over an automatic. It shoots four hundred and fifty shots a minute. Put on a bigger drum and it will shoot well over a thousand. The trouble is they are hard to get. A cop don't want to get hold of one because his shield number gets mixed up in the record of sale. Bank guards ought to be a good spot to get them from."

In the period following this historic raid both Weiss and Capone kept in seclusion. When they moved they were surrounded by guards. Things were unusually "hot" with the gangs.

Weiss tried every possible means to learn of Capone's movements. Finally the chauffeur of Capone was captured, tortured for hours and shot to death. His silence regarding Capone's movements brought him death. Months later his body was found in a cistern in East Chicago.

Less than a week passed and as Weiss, Schemer Drucci and one of their legal advisers were driving down Michigan Avenue in broad daylight, a car crashed into theirs and a shower of bullets smashed all the glass in the car. They

were uninjured. All ran for shelter in the Standard Oil Building, firing as they ran.

At this time Capone sent word to Weiss that he was willing to talk peace. Weiss replied that if Capone would put the two men who had fired on him "on the spot," he would talk terms with him. To put the men on the spot meant that they would be sent to a definite place at a definite hour so that they could be killed off.

Capone's reply was that he would not do that to a yellow dog.

Again the war was on, but Weiss was not to participate in it long, as the next chapter will disclose.

He had been an active influence in getting O'Banion to break with the Capone-Torrio organization. He had urged it long before circumstances made it necessary. Nor could Weiss ever understand the attitude of the Capone group when the break came. He contended that O'Banion had done more for them than they could ever do for O'Banion.

There was an element of jealousy from the beginning in the point of view of the Capone outfit regarding the North Side gang. O'Banion and his followers were young and in the main of good appearance. Their taste in cars inclined toward the foreign made types; they wore four carat diamonds and were "the class." They took over

the North Side trade in a chunk and, despite the irritation of the Capone mob, it became a settled policy, without conference, that Capone and Torrio had the South Side to the Indiana Line, except for such poaching as might be tolerated from the Polack Joe Saltis, the McErlane and O'Donnell beer running crews.

But there was a never curbed hatred between these two main gangs. The death of O'Banion, followed by the vengeful example of Weiss, gave Chicago five years of gang strife such as no city in the world has ever known.

With the flight of Torrio, Capone turned his attention, supported by his political value, to the gambling monopoly of Chicago. William E. Dever, whose term as Mayor of Chicago terminated in 1927, was supplanted by William Hale Thompson. It meant things for Capone.

Dever had raided all types of vice locations, gambling hells and drinking resorts, and Thompson, who had twice previously served as Mayor of Chicago, made a deliberate campaign appeal to the underworld. He promised a wide-open town, and a month after his election all the elements that Dever had opposed were having high carnival. Gambling machines, controlled by Capone, were placed even in drug stores. These machines, spewing quarters out at rare intervals, can be adjusted to make the player more and

more foolish. At best the chances are thirty to one against the fellow bucking the machine. It was a new golden flood for the Capone forces.

Meanwhile, affairs in Chicago led to a political upheaval. In April, 1928, resentment against bombings and election violence swept every Thompson candidate out of office.

With his Chicago activities somewhat hampered by the activity of the reform element, Capone, leaving his multiple interests in the hands of subordinates, took stock of the situation about the country. After a while he set off for Florida, for a rest. But Capone does not rest. He happened not only to be there but to be talking to the District Attorney of Miami at the precise moment when the seven gangsters of Bugs Moran's North Side gang were lined up and killed on St. Valentine's Day. It was the merest coincidence that he had stopped in at the District Attorney's office. Nothing could be more mere.

Florida, swept by floods, staggering from the effects of the collapsed land boom, needed about everything at the time Capone arrived there. Perhaps it needed some advice, and activities soon after his arrival would indicate that the advice was forthcoming. Four hundred and fifteen slot machines, fresh from Chicago, were operating in Miami a week after his arrival. There

was no interference or virtuous outcry. The word sped quickly.

In some way, or in the old way, the business leaders of Miami effected a truce with the reform elements thereabouts and scaled the lid into the sea.

The first break in the order of things as they are was the opening of the Hialeah Race Track, a runway dedicated to the improvement of the breed and the extension of sophistication generally. Oral betting was permitted. Of course, there was an element of decency in this matter for, at regular intervals, the sheriff came around to see that everything was okay. You could almost tell that the sheriff was coming because of the furious honking of his motor escort. By the time he arrived, you may be sure everything was okay. Within a very brief time gambling halls of all sorts and sizes had received the signal of one closed eye and were operating on all cylinders.

The gambling was the signal to all racketeers. Within a few days wealthy folk from the East and North lifted an eyebrow at the sight of a convention of thugs, gangsters, racketeers and assorted bums. Soon a dog track—lushest of all grafts—was in operation with bets free and open. Miami packed up. Things looked so extremely good that Stribling and Sharkey put on their

waltz before an audience which was a miracle of contrasts.

During this hectic period in the pearl of the Southland, one Fatty Walsh, erstwhile bodyguard of the late Arnold Rothstein, exercised his prerogative of talking too loudly and too much and received a fatal bullet, apparently impulsively or casually fired into his body. Ed Wilson, gambler of New York and Chicago, was accused of this crime and vanished and, within two days, Jack Waller, former aid of Rothstein, had decided to leap to his death from the Clyde Line steamer, *Shawnee,* just off the coast of Florida. All of this was news and education to hitherto conservative Miami. You can't have that kind of money without that kind of influx and those unhappy and fatal disagreements.

Capone not only enjoyed a very remunerative holiday but became a social favorite during his stay in Florida. Floridans and visiting notables whom he met expatiated upon his mild manner, his unusual and interesting point of view and his excellent qualities as a host.

These reactions were not amazing, for any one whose work or business or thirst has brought him into contact with the "big shots" among bootleggers. There seems to be a general impression that Chicago gangsters are not people, but an amalgam of fiend, viper and gorilla. The fact

is that they are in a business which is likely to make anything of anybody. Some of them have some rather good traits mixed with the characteristics required by a successful bootlegger.

Let us look into that matter a moment.

Suppose that a normal business man of good standing and of unusual good nature becomes convinced that there is nothing despicable about supplying good liquor to people who want it. He discovers a source where such liquor can be obtained and goes about the matter of its transportation, delivery to customers, storing and general detail just as any well balanced, capable and energetic business man would do. He is not afraid of work; he has had many a "hard day at the office."

Well, to begin with, conditions are a bit changed. His old hours were approximately from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon. At the slightest intrusion in his office, theft, or damage to his property, every facility of the law was at his command. He was in no danger. His investments were sound and even when there was a drop in his favorite holdings he could stand the gaff and keep a stiff upper lip.

He leaves all that with his new job. Neither his life nor property is safe. His hours are frequently around the clock. And when he works so long he is not merely quietly figuring or exam-

ining blue-prints. He's wondering if property of his valued at from $25,000 to $200,000 is going to get over roads without legal protection and with officials seeking either to confiscate the property or steal it for themselves.

He is depending, in the main, on crooks in his own employ to protect him. He may have lost two or three loads and the loss of this one may mean ruin. He has been double-crossed by officers who took his money and took his property too. He has no redress. He has been warned that he will be killed on sight. He suspects and hates four of his nearest aids, believing that the loss of the loads was due to their duplicity. Add to this the normal arduous detail of purchase, payment and transportation of materials, and what has become of your well balanced, good natured man? He's likely to take a shot at anybody.

It has been conclusively proven in my experience that no one can attain or maintain leadership unless he "has something." Those who have known Capone for years grant him qualities—a few—that would be acceptable in any one. He has concentration and executive ability which many possessors of better trained minds might envy. He is not petty. He is generous, foolishly so. He is intensely loyal. He has a good memory and is appreciative. He talks little, but

when he has uttered a few sounds you have heard something.

The rest of him is yours for a nickel.

So far as the pleasant impression he made upon people in Florida is concerned, people either like him or want to kill him.

Perhaps Mr. C. R. Allen, the owner of the estate he leased down there, would be his best Florida witness. When Capone leased at a tremendous rental the owners were going abroad. They did not know that A. L. Capone was none other than Scarface AL of Chicago. When they were on shipboard a radio news dispatch announced that the famous Chicago gangster was in Florida.

The trip was ruined. It was assumed by the owners that they would come back to find the chandeliers shot up, the lawn full of casualties and the house stripped of everything of value. Cables were sent to the lawyers representing the owners. A party for fifty was in progress at the estate when the solicitors got there. They had a cocktail and stayed, diplomatically stating that they had just come over to be sure everything was satisfactory. They knew most of the people at the party. They were respectable folk. Some were prominent!

When the owners returned three months later Capone had gone to Chicago to answer a Federal

indictment and Mrs. Capone had gone to Havana with friends for a few days.

The house was in perfect order and the cellar contained a very fine selection of liquors. The glass and silver service had been doubled to meet the requirements of the large parties. A check covering every possible item had been left with the request that the additional glass and silverware be accepted for future convenience. The owners were flabbergasted.

A week went by and there came a telephone bill for $780 for two calls made to Chicago. Capone, it appears, is a man of few words except when talking on the telephone to Chicago. Still, the owners of the estate, considering everything, felt that the entire transaction was satisfactory.

Four or five days later Mrs. Capone arrived, slim, well mannered and attractive.

"My husband wired me about a telephone charge," she explained. "We had forgotten it." She tendered a thousand dollar bill.

Mrs. Allen took the bill and explained that she would give Mrs. Capone a check for the difference, $220.

Mrs. Capone, on her way out, waved a small hand deprecatingly.

"Please, don't mind," she said. "It will just make matters right. I forgot to tell you that we broke a small clock upstairs."

Chapter IV

WEISS—THE DYNAMO OF HATE

UNTIL the St. Valentine's Day massacre established a new method and scope of horror in Chicago gangland killings, the circumstances surrounding the death of Hymie Weiss, successor of O'Banion, were the most spectacular recorded in Chicago's gang wars.

Weiss, called Little Hymie, was a Pole, and in the matter of concentrated hate and unswerving quest for vengeance, he stood out, even in the awe-inspiring circles in which he functioned.

He had chased the previously awe-inspiring Torrio out of town. He domineered his own group so that they doubled their influence and income and, after three unprecedentedly bold efforts to kill Capone, the latter, astounded and alarmed at the vicious determination of this little Pole, was ready to make almost any concession to establish peace.

As heretofore related, the only terms Weiss would make, before consenting even to discuss peace, involved the deliberate handing over by

Capone of two of his men to be slain. That was typical of Weiss.

The basis of all of this hatred was that Weiss and O'Banion had had a Damon and Pythias relationship. Weiss regarded O'Banion as the most fearless, amusing and valuable man in all gangland. Long before O'Banion was induced by events to earn the enmity of the Capone-Torrio organization, Weiss was convinced and had convinced O'Banion that the Capone group would lose half of their influence with O'Banion's departure. When O'Banion was killed, Weiss felt, in a way, personally responsible. He sought personal revenge. There was no delegation of the killing plans to others. All question of profits and organization routine became secondary to his determination to avenge O'Banion.

On the other hand, the Capone outfit, aware of Weiss' activity and also aware of his ability as the North Side organization's head, wanted him out of the way. His own frenzied conduct and interruption of the Capone plans, made it vital that he die.

In discussing O'Banion's break with the gang, Capone once said:

"Dion was all right and he was getting along, to begin with, better than he had any right to expect. But, like every one else, his head got away from his hat. Weiss figured in that.

Johnny Torrio had taught O'Banion all he knew and then O'Banion grabbed some of the best guys we had and decided to be the boss of the booze racket in Chicago. What a chance!

"O'Banion had a swell route to make it tough for us and he did. His job had been to 'smooth' the coppers and we gave him a lot of authority with the booze and beer buyers.

"When he broke away, for a while it wasn't so good. He knew the ropes and got running us ragged. He was spoiling it for everybody. Where we had been paying a copper a couple of hundred dollars, he'd slip them a thousand. He spoiled them. Well, we couldn't do anything about it. It was his funeral."

The North Side booze deliveries were pretty well systematized when O'Banion died. Weiss, succeeding him, divided his time equally between satisfying his vengeance and increasing the beer-running activities of his mob. He was a prize beer placer.

In the bickerings and battles under prohibition, two-thirds of the deaths in Chicago are due to the beer-running trade. A little whisky goes a long way, but the consumption of beer makes almost daily delivery a necessity. And where there is gang contact, there is gang strife.

Beer is delivered by violence in Chicago. The owner of a speakeasy is a harried man. When he

opens his place, it is usually after negotiation with a tough beer-running outfit whose promise of protection is satisfactory. The joint keeper would rather have good protection than good beer. Good beer may be important to his customers, but satisfactory protection is absolutely vital to himself. Once he begins negotiations with his beer suppliers, they do not solicit him. They tell him what they'll do and inform him what he'll do, as well. He will take a certain amount of beer at certain times and he'll like it and pay for it. Terms, cash.

Things are all right until along comes the representative of an even tougher beer-running organization. He may introduce himself by spraying the bartender's teeth around the place. He leaves a message which the bartender will subsequently lisp to the owner, that a daily quota of another type of beer will be delivered and paid for beginning on a certain day.

It will be seen that the owner of the joint, his bartender, and the brewery representative are in a tough business. They'd better be hard. In a case of this kind, the joint-keeper calls up his original beer supplier, tells him needle beer's oldest story, and the mob of that brewery takes over the joint and runs it for a few days. When the beer organization, which is trying to muscle in, arrives with its delivery, there is a scene remi-

niscent of the Fall of Port Arthur. The joint becomes the property of whoever wins the conflict but, in any case, the loser has the prerogative of dropping around at his convenience and taking a shot at the actual owner of the place. The beer business pays well if you can keep your health.

In this type of activity the trouble-seeking Weiss was a wizard. His efforts in this regard and his vengeful activities were two genuine thorns irritating the Capone syndicate.

Twenty-two months after the slaying of O'Banion death came to Weiss. He still maintained headquarters over the O'Banion flower shop.

On October 11th, in the early afternoon, Weiss, intent upon saving Polack Joe Saltis, a South Side beer-runner, from the results of his deliberate murder of one "Mitters" Foley, was busily keeping tab on how the Saltis jury was coming along.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, coming from the courtroom with Patrick Murray, a bodyguard, and his chauffeur, Sam Peller, he picked up Attorney W. W. O'Brien and Benjamin Jacobs, an investigator for the lawyer.

In Weiss' limousine this group pulled up at the side of the Holy Name Cathedral, directly across the street from the O'Banion headquar-

ters. All left the car, including the chauffeur, and, with O'Brien and Weiss in earnest discussion, they reached the corner of the cathedral.

From an upper window of No. 740 State Street, a building directly adjoining the flower shop property, there poured a hail of machine gun bullets. Weiss fell dead with twelve slugs in his body. His bodyguard, Murray, died also. Attorney O'Brien, with four bullet wounds, struggled across the street to a doctor's office and, months later, recovered. Jacobs and Peller, both slightly wounded, eventually recovered. More than fifty of the slugs lodged in the cornerstone of the cathedral and are there to-day.

The slayers had, a week before, taken the second floor front bedroom of what had at one time been an elaborate old home at 740 North State Street. One of the windows of this bedroom was in an "L," so that the sweep of machine gun fire could reach any one approaching the O'Banion headquarters and could even perforate the door of the headquarters. For ten days the slayers had been lying in wait in this rendezvous. There were two. They alternated in going for food.

Their assignment was one which would almost certainly result in their capture. Undoubtedly, a huge defense fund had been prepared for that practically assured emergency. Yet, in the tre-

mendous excitement which followed this spectacular fusillade, both men escaped with the machine gun.

Referring to the death of Weiss the Grand Jury, hearing the evidence on the murder of Foley by Saltis and Koncil, had this to say in its final report:

"A number of unusual and significant circumstances arose both prior to and during the progress of the trial against the said Saltis and Koncil.

"Prior to the trial two of the State's important witnesses disappeared, the immediate members of their families either refusing or being unable to give any information or clew as to their whereabouts.

"After the selection of the jury and the introduction of some of the State's evidence, one of the jurors selected to try the case became violently insane, necessitating the discharge of the entire jury and the selection of another in its stead.

"During the progress of the trial and immediately after the selection of the first jury, one Hymie Weiss, a notorious character in this community, was murdered in North State Street, a short distance from the Criminal Court Building where this trial was in progress. One of the counsel for the defendants was also shot and

wounded at the same time and place. In the possession of the said Hymie Weiss were found a list of the jurors selected to try the case, as well as the identical copy of the list of the State's witnesses that had been furnished counsel for the defendants by order of Court.

"In addition to these significant facts, certain of the State's witnesses testified to having been threatened with violence in the event they testified against the defendants, and of having been approached with offers of bribery for either withholding their testimony or testifying falsely."

It was subsequently found that the slayers had thrown away their gun a block away in the rear of No. 12 West Huron Street. Within a week another machine gun was found on the third floor of No. 1 West Superior Street, the windows of which overlook an alley leading to the rear of the O'Banion headquarters. This room, also, had been hired by two men three weeks before. Their two chairs were drawn up to the window and a circle of cigarette stubs indicated their constant vigil. This pair of choppers, or machine gun operators, were not in range for the actual murder and fired no shots.

The survivors of this brazen attack added not a word to the evidence of the police. Saltis, incidentally, was acquitted despite the evidence of five eye witnesses to the slaying accomplished by

himself and Lefty Koncil. A year later Lefty Koncil was put to death. Not by the State of Illinois, however, for gangsters took him for a ride.

A one-hundred-thousand-dollar defense fund had saved him and Saltis from the law, but nothing could save him from the gang vengeance when that developed.

It was at this juncture in Chicago's gang wars that Capone's overtures of peace among the mobs were, for a brief period, successful.

In discussing the developments of that time, he said:

"Hymie Weiss is dead because he was a bullhead. Forty times I've tried to arrange things so that we'd have peace in Chicago and life would be worth living. Who wants to be tagged around night and day by guards? I don't, for one! There was, and there is, plenty of business for us all and competition needn't be a matter of murder, anyway. But Weiss couldn't be told anything. I suppose you couldn't have told him a week ago that he'd be dead to-day. There are some reasonable fellows in his outfit, and, if they want peace, I'm for it now, as I have always been."

Among the reasonable people in Weiss' outfit, on the basis of their action at that time, was Maxie Eisen, racketeer, bootlegger and labor

terrorist, Bugs Moran, and Schemer Drucci. After a conference between Tony Lombardo, of the Capone forces, and Schemer Drucci, both since shot to death, the gangs met at an Italian restaurant in Chicago.

They shook hands all around and reached an agreement that everything that had gone before was wiped off the slate. There were to be no more beatings or killings, no more "muscling in" on each other's customers and, above all, no more "ribbing." "Ribbing" is inciting to murder by vicious gossip or by the old question in gangland, "What's the matter? Are you a-scared of him?" Territory was to be divided north and south of Madison Street for the two main gangs.

It was settled that both gangs were to punish their own members for the slightest transgressions of the treaty.

A newspaper man whom I know attended the banquet and, hardened to almost everything in human conduct, declared it to be the most hideous party that ever came to his attention. Thugs who had taken a shot at each other with murderous intent admitted the effort to the proposed victim, laughing heartily. Thugs who had actually killed explained the details of the killing to friends of the deceased, and gave their version why there was no way of getting out of it. The most frightful things in violence were discussed

and chuckled over. As a matter of fact, the peace was doomed by the very nature of gang rivalry. It survived less than three months and the confidences of that night of ghoulish laughter were doubtless responsible for many deaths in gangland when the old and familiar hatreds were resumed.

Capone, however, had been optimistic of the possible success of this truce. In discussing the peace conference later, he said:

"I told them we were making a shooting gallery of a great business and that nobody profited by it. It's hard and dangerous work, aside from any hate at all, and when a fellow works hard at any line of business, he wants to go home and forget about it. He don't want to be afraid to sit near a window or open a door."

Schemer Drucci and George Moran were now at the head of the North Side legion. The peace lasted only until the death of Drucci, three months later. That death was an odd one. While sitting hand-cuffed in a police car, the Schemer said something that seemed to a detective in the car sufficient to warrant his execution. It must have been an amazing statement! The policeman shot him through the head. Not very pretty, you say.

With the death of Drucci, George Moran came into the leadership of O'Banion's old gang,

with the Aiello gang soon his allies. He had never favored peace, but had been induced by Eisen and Drucci to come into the agreement. Under his leadership, guns began to rattle again with such persistence and determination that, on Valentine's Day, 1929, the strongest and toughest pillars of Moran's organization were lined up to offer seven backs to machine gun choppers.

Chapter V

THE WILD, WILD GENNAS

TO persons unaccustomed to the ramifications, responsibilities and murderous necessities which are part of the life and works of the modern racketeer, some of the details hereinbefore set forth, may rate as hectic.

But in this chapter we take off at mad speed with the most tempestuous, vengeful and reckless family of fireworks that ever whirled itself to death and disaster in Chicago's crime history —the Gennas. Their record of vile liquor, death and bombastic vengeance terminated when three of this frantic family of six had been killed in eighty days and the survivors had made enough enemies to keep them occupied unto the tenth generation.

The Gennas early hooked up with Capone. He tolerated them and they headed his vast legion of alcohol cookers. But they did not know what they headed or where they headed in, and in a business viciously systematized they were about as serviceable as a litter of wildcats. They were in trouble always. They liked it, knew where to

find it, and never stepped back an inch when it showed up.

They were Sicilians born in a port town and they were tough long before they got further excited by the opportunities and enmities of the Chicago alcohol carnival. Just before the death of O'Banion they were in open controversy with him about the price of alcohol. They were turning out the worst and cheapest in Chicago and edging in on his territory. He told them where they got off. But as customary they were all hard of hearing.

Soon after, O'Banion was killed, and, although the North Side gang took several shots thereafter at various Gennas on various occasions, it was not until a year had passed that Angelo Genna, toughest and youngest of the group, rolled over with a body full of slugs. He was slain May 26, 1925.

The police estimated that before this occurrence the Gennas had figured in not fewer than twelve killings. But with the death of Angelo the family went wild with vengeance and the most hectic period of police-gang warfare in the history of war-torn Chicago developed.

Here was one period in which honest cops fought it out, on the up-and-up, with a particularly vicious group of gangsters, only to have their valorous conduct and their dead disgraced by the

legal developments following this head-on encounter.

The Gennas, overdressed, boastful, reeking with money, and strutting for their countrymen, were bitterly incensed when Angelo, "the baby," was killed. They had two killers in their group whom they used only for their own very private purposes and these two had long prison records in Italy and had come into America illegally. They were John Scalisi and Albert Anselmi. When these two scourges rode with the Genna outfit, their purpose was never trivial. For days following the killing of Angelo they rode around the North Side. The police knew something would soon pop; the squads were keeping an eye on them.

On the morning of June 13, 1925, a car belonging to George Moran, head of the North Side gang, was found riddled with bullets by a police squad car. Apparently some one had been wounded in it, but it was not Moran. When the finding of the riddled car was reported to him he —as is usual—knew nothing about it. His car had been stolen, he said, which is an old way of dusting off trouble when police make inquiry.

Even while a squad of police were seeking Moran for this questioning the roaring Gennas were madly dashing about with an automobile equipped like an arsenal, looking for Moran—

the man they had missed a few hours before. The streets were wet. The Genna car containing Mike Genna, Anselmi, Scalisi and a gangster who was never identified came skidding and twisting up Western Avenue, past a police squad car. The gangsters were headed for the North Side.

In the squad car were Detectives Michael J. Conway, Charles B. Walsh, Harold F. Olson and William Sweeney.

Sweeney got a look at Genna as his car swept by.

"Genna's! After that car!" he said to Olson, who was at the wheel. With siren screaming the police car swept in pursuit of the gangsters. It proved a death ride. Apparently it was to have been that anyway, even if the police had not disturbed the original Genna plans.

Within three blocks both cars were making better than seventy miles an hour. It was no day for such speed. The pavements were wet and greasy. At Fifty-ninth and Western the inevitable truck slid into view. With a lurch of suddenly applied brakes the gangsters' car skidded twice around and up on the sidewalk, smashing down a lamp post. The police car described a wild skid and then headed straight for the gangsters' car. Four desperate gangsters, all armed, were struggling out.

The police jumped out of their car.

"Didn't you hear that gong?" called Olson. Even as he spoke, he fell with a dozen wounds, dead. Detective Walsh, also riddled, fell dead beside him. Conway fell with his jaw shot away. Sweeney, hiding behind the car, emptied his revolver at the gangsters, then, as throngs ran across the lots to the scene of the killings, the gangsters took to their heels. Sweeney, a great cop that day, snatched two guns dropped by his brother officers and pursued Genna.

He hit him twice, just as Genna, breathless, turned and fired pointblank at him. One of Sweeney's bullets severed an artery in Genna's leg. A few minutes later, huddled in a cellar into which he had plunged desperately, Mike Genna fired a last shot at the cellar entrance and died.

There were few places of refuge for the surviving gangsters. They could be seen from hundreds of windows as they ran across the lots and when the police reserves arrived they easily caught Anselmi and Scalisi. They had rushed into a store seeking to buy two caps and were captured there. The fourth gangster had succeeded in getting away.

After two years of feeble prosecution, legal confusion and thumming and strutting by criminal lawyers these two precious rascals walked forth from a court room free to resume their miserable activities. And in that period the mad

Gennas gave an exhibition of duress and blackmail well interlaced with murder that was nothing short of unbelievable.

Obviously Sweeney, who had escaped with his life and was familiar with every detail of the murders of his companions, was a witness hard to get past. The very day after the crime dire threats came to him by telephone, and by mail arrived skull-marked communications. Just before the trial was to start the front of his home was blown away with a bomb.

Meanwhile, a party or parties unknown to a scared coroner's jury had removed Tony Genna, third of the tribe, to his eternal reward or retribution. The remaining Gennas stirred uneasily and, sensing that their status now depended on their ability to get Anselmi and Scalisi "sprung," they turned on their own gang and aids and demanded a vast defense fund. It was gathered by gun-fire.

Crooks combined with honest working people to put up the necessary money to thwart the law. The crooks were threatened into their contributions and thousands of laborers were pushed around and argued into "defending the good name of Sicily" by aiding two of Sicily's worst possible representatives. Within a few days the first $100,000 was available to defend the slayers.

But the pressure continued and out of that

pressure and the efforts of various Genna dupes to "get from under" in the matter of furnishing further funds, there came murder upon murder. To show how close these crimes ate into the heart of the Genna Gang and its power, let it be stated that among the first deaths in this troubled period was that of Henry Spingola, brother-in-law of the Gennas. He had pitched $10,000 into the pot for the initial defense fund, but when pressed for another similar contribution he hesitated. He died for his tardiness.

He explained that he didn't know Scalisi and Anselmi very well. But his real trouble was that he didn't know the desperate Gennas well enough.

Two grocers, who supplied the Genna outfit with yeast and other materials for their industry, put up $2,000 each for the second defense fund, but made it clear that the Gennas could expect no more. Furthermore, they voiced the opinion that the death of Spingola was an outrage. Within a week they had ceased to protest. They were found in their shop, torn with bullets. The Gennas had no time for quibbling. Things were too hot.

Samoots Amatuna, something of a power in the underworld, got hold of a list of the first contributors and went around telling them that if the Gennas would consent to certain changes of methods and counsel there would be some sense in

contributing. He was half way through the list when a bullet went through his head. This was no child's play.

Death followed death and among those long feared and least missed were Orrazio Tropea, "The Scourge," Little Joe Calabriese, and Edward Bardello, "The Eagle." Among the killings was that of Vito Bascone, a wealthy and popular wine dealer who had no connection whatever with gangland, but who had hesitated when forced into his third contribution "for the honor of Sicily."

Meanwhile, State's Attorney Crowe was broadcasting.

"These men," he said, "will go straight to the gallows. It is our intention—"

Well, you've probably had enough of that, anyway.

The people of Chicago had come to the conclusion that this mess was a fine thing to watch from the outside. So when the trial started on October 5, 1925, the first panel of 238 veniremen provided just four jurors for the trial. The reasons were as clear as daylight.

To establish them it is necessary only to quote O. W. Payne, a venireman who emphatically did not want to become a juror:

"It wouldn't be healthy to bring in a verdict of guilty. Pressure is brought to bear on our fami-

lies. I'd have to carry a gun the rest of my life if I served and found these two men guilty."

Now, let's add a sidelight to that! The lawyers for these two who were subsequently identified over and over again under oath by eye-witnesses, refused to accept for the jury any one who had at any time contributed anything whatever to any law enforcement organization. In the case of E. J. Tope, one of the veniremen, there was nothing whatever to make him objectionable to the defense, except that he had on several occasions given money to organizations seeking to reduce crime in Chicago. The defense used up forty minutes trying to get rid of him and then, not having any luck with it, used a peremptory challenge to get any such influence off the jury.

We will now rapidly hurdle the accumulated disgrace of what followed in the tortuous legal history of these two obvious murderers.

Michael Ahearn, counsel for the defense, or at least one of the squads of counsel, devoted himself to showing that, although at first blush it might seem odd to kill a police officer, there might be several good reasons for doing so.

"If a police officer detains you, even for a moment, against your will, and you kill him, you are not guilty of murder. It's just manslaughter. If the policeman uses force of arms, you may kill

him in self-defense and the law cannot harm you."

This legal slant took a good bit of weight off the week in which Olson and Walsh lost their lives. They were the fourth and fifth policemen to die in seven days, the week of June 13, 1925.

On November 11, 1925, after evidence which clearly established murder of police by criminals actively engaged in crime, Scalisi and Anselmi were found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to fourteen years in prison. They laughed outright.

They had been tried for the killing of Policeman Olson and now, with the town seething with indignation, State's Attorney Crowe issued another long statement and declared that they would next be tried for the murder of Policeman Walsh.

Judge Brothers, who had presided at the first trial, declared that the trial for the murder of Walsh would not be delayed a moment. They would go on trial "next Monday," which would be November 15, 1925.

They went on trial February 7, 1926. On March 18th they were acquitted of the murder of Walsh.

"This verdict is an outright disgrace to Chicago," said Morgan A. Collins, Chief of Police. He wasn't telling any one any news.

On May 3, 1926, the men are taken to Joliet Prison to serve their fourteen years for the slaying of Olson. They were never to serve them.

The Illinois Supreme Court on December 23, 1926, granted them a new trial and on June 9th, just two years after their murders, their third trial began. They were acquitted.

Which shows rather clearly why the only fears Chicago gangsters have are inspired by other gangsters. Underworld law has teeth.

"Cops like dough and law is just tricks," a booze hustler confided to me at a trial a long time ago. The muscular young man said something.

There is just a fragment of fact that comes last in this chapter, but may be more interesting than anything in it. It has no bearing on Olson, Walsh or their valorous carful, but it may have something to do with the fates of Anselmi and Scalisi and things in general. Once during the first trial, when the death penalty seemed a certainty, Attorney Patrick O'Donnell of the defense sprang to his feet and waved a small book before the jury.

"I have here," he roared, "the names of some policemen. Mike Genna paid them by the month. Two hundred of these policemen belonged at the Maxwell Street station, two squads came from the central office and one from the State's Attor-

ney's office. This outfit got more than $8,000 monthly."

Within a few days there were numerous squad changes and one hundred and eighty-seven policemen were transferred from the Maxwell Street station. There were statements—loud oral and long written ones—and talk of publishing the names, cleaning house and other modern improvements. But the notebook was never referred to again and soon was lost in the scuffle.

It is probable that Attorney O'Donnell held it, however, until Scalisi and Anselmi were acquitted. That would seem sensible, wouldn't it?

However, no man lives forever—not even in Chicago. Gangster bullets accomplished what the State had failed to do. On May 7, 1929, Scalisi and Anselmi, with one Joe Guinta, were neatly, effectively and expeditiously killed by rival thugs who, it is assumed, had been annoyed by the St. Valentine's Day massacre of the seven Moran stalwarts—of which more later. The three were taken for a ride; their still warm bodies were found in an abandoned automobile.

Chapter VI

THIS CAN'T BE AVOIDED

TAKEN as a group, human beings hate to hear the worst—especially if it's rather bad. One might go on pleasantly reciting the large earnings, the adventurous existence and the spectacular deaths of gangsters—made possible and fortified by prohibition—and there would be the assurance of an interested reaction.

But we've got to dig into the dirt a bit to make clear what alleys we are traversing. So we will take Johnny Torrio as an example, and explain a bit about his business. Let's see why people could readily hate him.

To begin with, Torrio was a tough man before he ever came to Chicago. He was a leader, and not a subordinate, in the Five Points Gang and, when Big Jim Colosimo brought him to the midwest as a bodyguard, he knew the kind of man he wanted. There was never a moment of dashing adventure about Torrio. He was looking for money and power. The miseries and injustices inflicted upon others in his course toward his goal affected him in no way whatever. Girls, booze,

gambling were never for an instant a diversion to him. He used them all as a means to money and power. Broken hearts and lives, bullet-riddled skulls, gambling suicides were distinctly none of his business. He provided the means for lust, battle or bankruptcy and, through the entire procedure, he was soft-voiced, calm-eyed and essentially detestable.

When the booze boom came along, he went about his organization coldly and efficiently. He knew how to scare people out of a supply, he knew how to scare dealers into a demand and he knew countless lieutenants in gangdom who were under his thumb and who could deliver the scare at both ends of his enterprise.

He had only a supervising interest in quarrels, cheatings, desperation and murder under his direction. He outlined the main routine, got the money to establish it, and had the protection to assure him of immunity, whatever happened. He had the concentration of murderous indifference to any one he could not use.

How did he get that way?

I'll tell you. He had a good brain and applied it to the cheapest and lowest activities in the world. He was typical of gangsters in that everything he touched or came into contact with was dulled or lowered by the contact, whether it was an individual, a business, or a community.

He catered to human appetite and it's a devastating force. His agents got girls from all over the country. Bad girls? Not at all! Any girl, weak, foolish or unprotected, was fair game for the agents. Good looking, generous, lying and apparently sincere pimps sought them out constantly. Pitting utter worldly wisdom against innocence or stupidity, they brought them into a life in which there was never a moment's hope or surcease from abuse.

If you wanted liquor, Johnny Torrio provided it for you at ten times what it cost him; if you wanted a girl, Torrio would supply you and take two-thirds of what the girl got for the misery; if you wanted gambling, Johnny Torrio was ready to receive you and take what you had.

Anything you didn't like about any feature of this triple play would get you a split skull at any hour of the day or night. Compliments of Johnny Torrio—but you'd never even know who got you the service. It wasn't personal. It was a system. It was efficient; he was proud of it.

Mind you, this fellow did not get hard one day like magic. He was born hard and day by day he sedulously got harder. Before he ever met up with Jim Colosimo he was a captain of the Five Points Gang, which in New York has it all over the Hudson Dusters, the Hell's Kitchen or the San Juan outfit. He wasn't

just a healthy mucker in that gang. He was a captain.

I heard of Torrio before I ever got to Chicago. You'll recall that when Lieut. Charlie Becker of the New York Police Department decided to kill off Herman Rosenthal, a squealing gambler, he selected four "rods" from the Five Points Gang for the slaughter. Dago Frank, Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie and Whitey Lewis killed Rosenthal in front of the Metropole in New York at a scheduled moment set by Charlie Becker. These fellows were just privates in the Five Points outfit even at that time. Torrio was a captain.

As a reporter for *The New York Herald* I saw Herman Rosenthal lying under his tarpaulin twenty minutes after his death. I subsequently saw the four killers go to their death at Sing Sing. Likewise I saw Becker, the coldest copper that ever stood behind a shield, burned to death in the clumsiest execution Sing Sing ever knew. He was too strong for the straps.

In the days of the trials Five Pointers were prevalent around the Criminal Court Building and among them, always with the stance of a boss, was Torrio. I recognized him instantly a few years later at Jim Colosimo's restaurant in Chicago. The Becker trial taught him something, apparently. None of his Chicago crew ever

graced the gallows in the multiple killings which followed his mid-west activities.

On the contrary, within a few months after his arrival Jim Colosimo, long bothered by blackmailers and by disgruntled aids representing both Mafia and vice activities, took on a new lease of life and lost the fears which had worried and confined him for more than a year prior to Torrio's arrival in 1920.

Within a brief time after his arrival, too, the bawdy houses of Chicago were organized as never before, new prices and standards were established and the foul business had become a "syndicate." It was a business in every detail except in reliance on court or police protection. If a factor in the syndicate became either unmanageable, careless or vicious, he was suddenly taken sick with bullets.

This sort of thing had to come on the basis of tremendous demand—low but public. As early as 1912 John E. Wayman, State's Attorney of Cook County, had attempted to throw a life preserver into the vice abyss of Chicago. He had done well, but before the vice lords were through with him they had crossed him up, "framed" him forty ways, and he had decided to get a bit of relief by ending his life. The thing couldn't be stopped, apparently.

But Torrio, with his cool viciousness, came

along, found it floundering in low and threw it into high. Vice became a recognized business.

The old segregated Chicago Levee had just been cleaned up before he took over the Chicago situation for Jim Colosimo. The night prowler now had to go to "call houses," and Torrio had them all over town—even in the best districts. There were no prostitutes in these places, but on the arrival of men the girls were called for from wherever they were "planted" awaiting the telephone summons.

This didn't suit Torrio. He wanted to operate on a wide-open scale. So even before the exodus to Cicero for the further freedom of the bootlegging business, he hit upon Burnham as a "spot." He put in "Fifty Girl" houses and the net profit ran to about $15,000 per month profit at each of three. Here in thousands of instances deceived girls met half-drunken men; the tragedy and brutality profited no one but—Torrio. The Barn, the Burnham Inn, and the Arrowhead Inn paid their toll in miserable money to calm-eyed Mr. Torrio.

Now things like this cannot be conducted with a high hand unless something very tangible is done with "higher ups." Let's see about that.

Burnham, located in Thornton township, is not far from the Indiana line. Its Mayor at this time was Johnny Patton, a deft young man who was

known to idle feature writers as the "boy mayor." Through him Burnham became a weltering cesspool. He was the merest "front" for all that Torrio represented.

But how important was this dapperly dressed "boy mayor?" Not important enough, as it turned out, and so Mr. Torrio was at one time obliged to turn to Governor Small for aid in a crisis. Did he get it? Can a duck swim?

Two of Torrio's principal aids in vice were the Cusicks—Harry and Alma. They ran one of his places out at Posen, Cook County. They had bought up most of the dangerous opinion in that vicinity, and were getting away with anything they cared to in the matter of white slavery. Cabs rolled away with screams resounding from them; inmates were beaten and treated by physicians without reports to any authority. Girls in the place informed on fellow inmates, who vanished after a word of complaint. The Cusick place was the Roamer Inn.

Finally the Cusicks read an advertisement in a newspaper and wrote to a sixteen-year-old girl who wanted position as maid. Mind you, in most crimes the first essential is to draw in some one who has made some misstep, who is in love and careless of consequences, who is seeking money and willing to forget scruples to get it, or who

has in part consented to some action which cannot be defended before the law.

There was none of that in this case. The child was seeking only a position. Five months later —having never had clothing to leave the house, having never received nor sent a word to any one who might aid her, and having subsisted on the cheapest of food, the girl, half insane from beatings and abuse, got a message through a visitor to her father.

He picked a quiet time in the afternoon for the rescue and with ten friends took the child, covered only by a man's coat, out of the house. Her condition was pitiful. Her life was permanently wrecked.

The case could not have been more frightful—every evidence was available. The Cusicks, after repeated continuances and delays, were convicted. They appealed and were released on high bail. And while the Illinois Supreme Court was considering this flagrant case, Governor Len Small, despite the pressure of more than a dozen social agencies of the state, pardoned them.

Governor Small was that same Governor mentioned in the introduction to this book who deposited nearly a million dollars of state funds in a bank called the Grant Park National Bank. There is no such bank, nor was there at the time of this supposed deposit. He was tried at Wau-

kegan, Ill., for witholding the interest of state funds, and when that trial started he needed plenty of help. Some of Torrio's smart lads were handy in a situation of that sort and they were there in numbers. The Cusicks were aids of Torrio.

Further, Torrio, literally getting away with murder in Chicago, was a big contributor to Mayor Thompson's war chest. Small was being pleasant to the Thompson machine at that time, and no sixteen-year-old girl without friends could hope to interfere with the big parade—no matter what appalling cruelty she might have suffered.

Within a month the Cusicks had their new and larger place—the Marshfield Inn—in operation at Marshfield Avenue and 119th Street, higher in price and lower in scope than any predecessor under their management.

Just before prohibition possibilities had been systematized, Torrio, now perfectly sure of his political contacts, stepped into Stickney, a suburb of Chicago, and took over the town just as he was subsequently to take Cicero in partnership with Capone. Stickney became the "New Levee." The sky and its borders were the limit.

Money, of course, has been the principal factor in taking over these towns and morally wrecking them. But the uses of money in accomplishing these very profitable results are varied. Some

whose opinion or influence is valuable are bought; others are slugged—and sometimes murder alone can straighten out a kink in the opposition to oncoming gang power.

But in the end the towns are studded with gang spies and equipped with signals. The moment a visitor "speaks out of turn" or acts as if he were a "wrong cop," meaning an honest one, the cigarette dealer, the gas station man or the hot dog merchant pushes a button.

A mile away the joints get ready for anything that may develop. Outward and deliberate opposition, such as might rally strength behind it, is handled without gloves. I'll give you an instance of it.

Before the arrival of the Capone legion in Cicero, about the toughest fellow in town was Eddie Tancl. He was active politically, a busy handshaker and not afraid of any one. He was told very early to button his lip. Next the date was set on which he was to begin buying Capone beer.

His answer was to gather all his friends and plan to prevent the grabbing of the town at an impending election. He had learned that Capone's agents had been systematically going about Cicero putting in a garden for a man here, repairing a chimney there, mending the roof elsewhere—just doing little early favors with an idea

that it might help at election time. They had won over a lot of simple residents, who had no idea what was about to hit the town.

The election in Cicero in 1924 was the best show since the death of William F. Cody. Every one carried a gun and most of the political nimrods took a shot at some one before the day was over. Four dead; forty wounded; every polling place shot up and Frank Capone, a brother of Al, so badly wounded that he died a few days later. That spelled the doom of Eddie Tancl and the surrender of Cicero.

A few months later Tancl, despite a heavy guard, was riddled with bullets in front of his Hawthorne Inn. An aid, Leo Klimas, died with him. A man named Daughtery, of whom you will hear more, was tried with an accomplice and acquitted of these murders. The State's Attorney who prosecuted the case and failed to send Daughtery to his death was doomed to die beside him in due time. Strange, eh?

Chapter VII

THE WINTER SONGBIRD

BIG Jim Colosimo, under whose protection and direction the beginnings of Chicago's liquor-crime organization were fostered, was killed in 1920. Since that time the booze activity which he launched has been the greatest single contributing factor in four thousand homicides committed in Chicago.

As was stated early in this book, Big Jim enjoyed but a few months of the tremendous returns to be found in booze-running under prohibition. On May 12, 1920, five days after his marriage to Dale Winter, a beautiful and talented girl, Colosimo was shot to death in his huge restaurant.

No one saw his assailant or heard the shots but, within three minutes after he had talked with employees in his office, his body was found in the vestibule of the café. In that brief time one hundred and fifty thousand dollar bills vanished from his clothing, as did a little red book, famous throughout the underworld for its concentrated information on booze, vice and Mafia activities.

Colosimo was known to have had nearly two million dollars and had boasted of his adroitness in distributing it in various institutions under various names. The key to these deposits was the little red book and, without its aid, but forty thousand dollars was mustered in the Colosimo estate.

The three items contained in the little red book each provided at least three motives for the murder of Big Jim Colosimo, but so recent had been his marriage and the troublous circumstances preceding it, that general opinion selected the romance as the cause of his killing It is no overstatement to say that that romance was one of the most remarkable ever developed in the underworld anywhere.

Dale Winter, prima donna of an Australian musical comedy company, arrived in Chicago in 1918. The company had toured in strange places, including the South Sea Islands, and it arrived in San Francisco with less than a hundred dollars in the combined purses of the company of forty. Dale Winter, possessed of a splendid voice to augment her genuine beauty, established contact with some booking agent in the West and was sent to Chicago as a possible lead for a company then forming. She arrived penniless to find that the new production had been abandoned. She

was in dire distress two weeks later when a theatrical agent introduced her to Colosimo.

At this juncture, a very usual course and result might be assumed, but the fact is that a very unusual relationship developed. Colosimo had never known any one of the caliber of Dale Winter.

Singing in Colosimo's gilded dive, but considered neither by patrons nor by Colosimo as a part of it, Miss Winter within a month had become principal soloist in one of the largest and most fashionable congregations in Chicago—the South Park Avenue Methodist Church.

There can be no question that Miss Winter's impulse was to leave Colosimo's the moment she was financially able to do so. But she had been desperate and Colosimo, white-slaver, killer and underworld mogul, had treated and protected her in a manner totally foreign to his nature. She was perhaps the first "night club hostess" in America. That was rather early, and since then I've never seen a better one.

Dale Winter knew that she owed Colosimo much. In the few months of her activities in his vast restaurant its clientele had changed materially. Folks in the Social Register began to frequent it—just slumming, of course, but nevertheless present. You know how that is. Their presence made her presence easier. And, urged

by Colosimo, she stayed on—principally through gratitude.

Meanwhile, with the influx of better-class patrons, an elder of the South Park Avenue Church recognized the demure and beautiful Miss Winter of his church choir. He nearly upset his glass of milk. Through the charitable reticence of the elder, the entire church congregation knew the facts within a day.

The congregation, naturally enough, was upset by this discovery and the matter became an acute church issue.

For answer, on the following Sunday, the tolerant pastor of the church based his sermon on Christ's words to the Magdalene. Going further, he defended specifically the character of Miss Winter. His intention was honorable but, after singing that day, Miss Winter, disturbed by the unexpected situation in which she found herself, resigned from the choir.

For many years Enrico Caruso, greatest of tenors, had been a patron of Colosimo's when in Chicago. The restaurant specialized in rich Italian dishes. At the time of Miss Winter's unhappy experience at the church, Caruso happened to be in Chicago for a concert. He heard the very interesting story of Miss Winter from Jim Colosimo. Furthermore, he heard her very beautiful voice during her evening program. He

was impresesd by it, impressed by her personality and further impressed by the obviously decent impulses she had aroused in such a person as Colosimo.

At that time Cleofonti Campanini was maestro of the Chicago Opera Company He and Caruso were old friends and had in common a never-failing interest in discovering new voices. Caruso obtained an audition for Miss Winter and, as a result of his interest and that of Campanini, she obtained a scholarship at the Chicago Musical College and made splendid progress with the development of her voice. During all this time Colosimo, feared throughout the underworld, developed all the characteristics of a faithful, gentle and affectionate St. Bernard so far as this girl was concerned. Every decent trait in this heretofore vicious and unsentimental underworld leader was brought to the fore by this unusual association. Gratitude, appreciation of his endless efforts in her behalf, and recognition of his servile respect developed in Dale Winter a deep affection for Colosimo.

Early in April, 1920, Colosimo, utilizing his power in Chicago, got a divorce from his wife, Victoria Moresco Colosimo. Within a week he married Dale Winter at Crown Point and, until five days before his death, they remained at French Lick, Indiana.

The rise of Jim Colosimo, slow and not very acceptable in many of its turns and twists, had been an unusual one. He arrived in Chicago as a boy of sixteen and was for more than three years a water-carrier and general errand boy for a section gang of laborers. It was five years before he could rise from the distinction of a city street cleaner, yet in ten years thereafter he had become a power in the street-cleaning organization and had climbed through the tortuous labyrinth of the underworld to wealth and the ownership of five saloons. When he married Victoria Moresco she was the owner of two notorious resorts, and presently Colosimo was the principal resort and saloon keeper in Chicago and a close ally in a political way of Hinky Dink Kenna and Bathhouse John Coughlin.

Before his death, at the age of forty-nine, he was the principal underworld café owner and his great restaurant at Wabash and Twenty-second Street had brought him an international acquaintance and standing entirely apart from his actual status as an underworld power.

Never during his life of luxury, however, was he free of his fear of Black Hand operators. He was one of the wealthiest Italians in Chicago and was the constant prey—due to his undercover activities—of the Mafia terrorists. The law did

not disturb him but the threats of the lawless frequently kept him in seclusion for months.

On the morning of his death he was called to the telephone at his home and the message was urgent enough to make him dress hurriedly and leave without breakfast. On the way to his restaurant, his chauffeur noted that he was unusually agitated, waved his arms and mumbled to himself in Italian. Arriving at the restaurant, he made an effort to call his attorney, Rocco de Stefano. The wire was busy, he slammed down the receiver and walked out to the entrance of his establishment—and to his mysterious death.

Colosimo had been connected by the police with twelve murders but had never been tried for one. On one occasion he received a Black Hand communication telling him to put five thousand dollars under a railroad bridge on Chicago's South Side at a given hour. He went there two hours ahead of time and, when the Mafia blackmailers arrived—four of them—he utilized two sawed-off shotguns and left three of them dead, and Vincenzo Cosmano, one of the most adroit killers Chicago's Black Hand group ever knew, peppered with the iron slugs.

There were countless other episodes in Colosimo's life which might have provided valid reasons for his assassination, but threats and counter-threats had developed in profusion when he

walked out of his normal sphere to become the husband of Dale Winter.

His funeral, one of the first of the great and indecently costly gang funerals held in Chicago, was dominated by police guards whose principal duty was to protect his widow during the ceremony.

Even when the available estate was believed to be in the millions, Dale Winter Colosimo voluntarily relinquished all rights to it. Within ten days she had left Chicago and all connection with a life into which Fate had tricked her.

Within a month this genuinely talented, well-poised and beautiful girl became a star on Broadway. The vehicle in which she was featured was *Irene,* a most successful comedy, and, after three years as its title character, she made an excellent marriage and retired from the stage. The circumstances surrounding her life in Chicago were so unusual that they furnished, even before her marriage, the basic idea of a play written by Jack Lait and Jo Swirling called *One of Us.*

Dale Winter, never for a moment a part of gangland, was nevertheless one of its most interesting figures.

Chapter VIII

HERE'S HOW!

NOWADAYS when a gay imbiber asks the host: "What did you put in this one?" he's making a query that few can answer. No matter what the original source of liquor may be, or how good its base, before it gets through the cutting, recoloring and general fiddling of the booze grafters it has deadly potentialities attributable to haste, lack of experience or thorough-going indifference to consequences.

I have seen, following a raid in a Chicago tenement distillery, the foulest concoctions imaginable, distilled in utter filth and surrounded by handsomely labeled bottles that would immediately encourage participation in an amiable highball party. Even the long-nosed and uninformed prohibitionists, guided only by fanatic zeal to control the action of others, understate the facts when they describe the horrible possibilities of present-day liquor. Present-day liquor may be worse than the wildest imaginings of unsophisticated blue noses.

We will go into this subject only superficially:

In a West Side raid in Chicago a cat had pursued its usual victim into a barrel of mash. Both were distilled. The labeled bottles thereabout contained the names of the oldest and finest American whiskies, selling for ten dollars a quart. This is merely a chapter, not a stomach test, so we will go no further with that discussion, except to say that in the shoddiest districts of the city personal garments have a remarkable way of getting lost in the mash barrel. Hosiery, for instance.

Bear in mind that, even when the liquor is originally sound, having been either illegally withdrawn from warehouses or smuggled in original packages, there is never, by the time it reaches the consumer, any assurance of safety. The bootlegger cuts it down to the last degree and, in his hurried operation, very frequently has to resort to the addition of all sorts of extraneous ingredients to regain some semblance of strength. The big shots, with their fine clothes and diamonds, are not involved in this work. But the lowest and most unscrupulous humans imaginable devote their entire day to it. In a word, their whole effort is to have this liquor pass muster with the boss, who never tastes it. There is no interest at all in the life, illness or death of an ultimate consumer.

Into cut liquors of sound or doubtful origin

are put fusel oil, creosotes, and assorted ethers, including butyl, amyl, and ethyl, the latter being especially good for the heavier type of automobile. Then, having provided a pseudo whiff and taste, the appearance of good liquor is obtained with coal tar dyes. Put all this carelessly concocted mess together, and you have enough fusel oil to cock the eyes of a sturdy horse. The amount of fusel oil in these reckless mixtures has created a new type of alcoholism and insanity. Hundreds of thousands of drinkers are daily put into a stupor and, in many cases, death results. These attractively bottled poisons make some degree of temperance almost a matter of life and death.

The reader will bear in mind that the supply of liquor from all sources for rich and poor is about fifty-fifty. That is, fifty per cent of the liquor available contains no poison—that being true either through luck or costly insurance of the source. Of the remainder, at least fifty per cent is poisonous, but not necessarily lethal, and almost invariably foul in content and literally dirty. The residue now is the liquor that is essentially poisonous. It is not always fatal because some strong constitutions can resist it; in some cases it is taken temperately, but in enough instances to delight prohibition enthusiasts it brings insanity or death.

In the main, this last element of deadly liquor comes from the tenement house distiller, who makes a base for his miserable whisky by re-distilling denatured alcohol. This stuff invariably, and without any exception, retains wood alcohol after the sloppy distillation. Wood alcohol, taken in a straight dose, is deadly poison. Some people are more subject to its effects than others. A very little of it can produce blindness in certain human organisms. A small quantity of it can produce dangerous effects lasting from three to six days. But any considerable quantity of it, whatever the health state of its imbiber, brings death within twenty-four hours.

So in Chicago, or in any other city, the drinker of to-day puts his life in the hands of fate which, in many instances, are resting in the money-lined pockets of the most ignorant and unscrupulous element in the community. It's a long gamble.

In Chicago all sorts of arrangements are made between the gangs and the cookers. In some instances the cookers are paid fifteen dollars a day and supplied with the stills and equipment. In other instances the cooker furnishes his own equipment and is paid by the gallon for his product—usually about two dollars. Some of these former laborers, thugs and loafers, get from fifty dollars to a hundred dollars a day by taking

on additional cheap apartments and packing them with stills.

At times, when the supply of smuggled, hijacked or illegally withdrawn alcohol is low, the gangs are forced to depend primarily on these tenement house distilleries. The drinker imbibes through these periods with no knowledge of the tremendous additional odds against his life and health.

There is no let-up in the demand at any time, and frequently the racketeers, who have vast groups of intimidated small merchants on their lists, are called upon by the bootleggers for help.

People who have no desire at all to become involved in cooking alcohol are frequently bulldozed into doing so when the demand for liquor exceeds the available supply. It is a simple task for the racketeers to wheel their victims into almost any kind of action. You will presently hear of their mode of operation and will understand why.

It requires but little imagination to recognize the demoralization which develops throughout these grafting and death-dealing functions of bootleggery. The deftly accomplished gang murders are spectacular, but, so far as public welfare is concerned, they are almost trivial in their import.

The circulation of bad booze into good homes,

good minds, and good bodies is a tremendously important matter. It is a crime beyond all calculation. The complete reversal of moral values involved in the easy illegal money obtained by the most worthless stratum of a community's population is another staggering item. It makes the non-working crook arrogant. It upsets the law. It makes thieves out of law-enforcers and it totally befuddles the vast majority of citizens, who are none too quick on the mental trigger anyway.

A long time ago I heard Jane Addams make an address which I have never forgotten. As is customary with her, she spoke because she had something to say. Among the things she mentioned in that address was that you could not talk morals to a hungry girl.

In exactly the same trend of thought, what is the purpose of sermons to honest, hard-working and needy people who see all about them the complete success of people who violate every principle involved or urged in most sermons? Not only do they see the success and apparent happiness of the morally twisted, but they see these people acclaimed for their generosity in contributing to neighborhood, patriotic, or even church activities. It's a discouraging puzzle for the ignorant and it's a perfect circus to the intelligent. The old query "Whither are we drift-

ing?" has become practically unanswerable. No one seems to know what to use for ballast.

And, aside from all of its local interference with decent perspective, let's trace the corruption involved in the shipment of booze which at least will not kill.

The consignment is bound from Windsor, Ontario, to Chicago. It cost fifty thousand dollars. It will bring, with the combination of corruption and suckers' thirst, nearly a quarter of a million dollars, before the bootlegger is through with his cutting and readjusting. But everything regarding its movement must be exact and must take into consideration the best route for safety and the most dependably corrupt clerks in railroad service. It may go as far as Syracuse, New York, although bound for Chicago.

A crooked railroad official at that point will notify a crooked railway employe in Chicago regarding every movement of the consignment. This is very light work, but each of these railway crooks gets a thousand dollars for it. Their minds are on that graft to the comparative exclusion of all of their normal railway duties. So far as their actual employment is concerned, they are not only dishonest but inefficient. Their best efforts have been sold to the thugs.

In countless cases, the crooked railway employe is crooked enough eventually to double-

cross the bootlegger. A consignment worth a hundred and fifty thousand at the Canadian purchasing end may prove too great a temptation. The crooked railway clerk tips off a crooked prohibition official, who demands a huge hunk from the bootlegger and hands over a third of it to the clerk. From that time on, that particular clerk becomes the detective for the prohibition officer, his only purpose being to put the finger on independent booze consignments, not with the desire to aid prohibition enforcement, but for the sole purpose of dividing graft.

Thus are corruption, inefficiency and murder constantly promoted on the base of sanctimonious prohibition.

On every railroad running between points of supply and demand in the booze industry and on every highway, over which trucks trundle and high-powered booze automobiles whiz with their illegal loads, there is this bickering between the lawless bootlegger with money and the law-supported prohibition thief with avarice. In the booze business of to-day it is the trucks that pay and pay and pay. Therefore, when the booze trip is within a radius of five hundred miles, the high-powered automobile is the favored shipping vehicle with the booze gangs. These cars can be equipped to hold conveniently and rather secretly four hundred pints. If these come down from

Canada they cost, counting Canadian graft and transportation, from a dollar-fifty to two dollars a pint. In Chicago they bring from six to nine dollars a pint, depending upon the glibness of the bootlegger, the wealth or stupidity of the purchaser, and other variable elements. These figures apply without cutting, but frequently that ratio of profit is increased five times and seldom less than twice.

So, with a car piled with very sizable potential profit, a square-jawed bootlegger's aid comes speeding along, usually at night, in a car that can make eighty. He's not easy to stop and will go just so far in the effort to duck a grafting prohibition agent. It was decided long ago that it won't do to kill these agents, all things considered. It raises too much Hell. If the percentages—from a cold-blooded business point of view—were not against killing these badge-wearing thieves, they would have died like flies from the outset, and their graft preceding the funeral would have been trivial.

As things stand the bootlegger will take any chance involved in speed or evasion of capture without fatalities. On an average, they escape on three out of five trips, but there is always a chance of doing better or worse than that average —and the bootlegger lives by the month. Always he seeks to "put the fix" on the prohibition

officer but, on rare occasions, the prohibition officer can't be fixed and, on many other occasions, eager though he may be to take the graft, conditions in his department force him to take what seems to be legitimate action.

In many cases, too, the prohibition agent, after playing with the gang on a "fix" basis over a period of months, will decide to hi-jack the carload of booze. This is usually when he has learned that he is about to be transferred out of the territory. There is not the slightest honor among these righteous grafters, and how the bootleggers detest them!

Capone once said, in discussing these law-backed opportunists:

"A crook is a crook, and there's something healthy about his frankness in the matter. But a guy who pretends he is enforcing the law and steals on his authority is a swell snake. The worst type of these punks is the big politician, who gives about half his time to covering up so that no one will know he's a thief. A hard-working crook will—and can—buy these birds by the dozen, but right down in his heart he hates the sight of them."

Chapter IX

MEET THE BOYS

THE ordinary individual with true perspective, good taste and a normal sense of proportion, is considerably affected in his outlook, mode of life and perhaps in his conduct, upon inheriting a half million dollars.

This sum of money would lift many of his troubles from the normal citizen and, in the ordinary course of events, he would tranquilly set about adjusting his affairs to meet the new opportunities, comforts and luxuries made possible by the inheritance.

This situation is entirely reversed when the ordinary gangster "comes into the bucks." He is usually ignorant, has little taste or perspective, and the very traits of character that fit him for the booze traffic make him increasingly objectionable with the power which money brings. Even his money affords him no tranquillity or opportunity to adjust his affairs or point of view. With the money comes trouble, danger, suspicion and constant tension.

And the frantic minds handling this money

have developed some of the strangest quirks of character ever imagined. They are fearful, yet dare not show fear. They like exhibitionism, but have to be careful how they parade. They would enjoy leisure, which is one of the principal virtues of money, but their activities become more frenzied as the money increases. A fellow must originally have a queer turn of mind to go into the business with its dangers and turmoil—and the tendency is to get queerer and queerer in this queerest of all possible business worlds.

Some of the points of view and mannerisms and revenges that have developed in gangland in Chicago are astounding. For example, among the obituary cases already mentioned in this book was Samoots Amatuna, who was a member of the Genna gang until blown out of it for all eternity. Samoots was a particularly snappy dresser, even when it made him uncomfortable. He wore a spring coat with fur on it, and in the colder months was one of the bulkiest packages of silks and furs that ever thronged a giant limousine. He had more than two hundred silk shirts at one time, and his fears for their welfare when at the laundry, and his frequent visits and advice on the subject, led to his being known with amusement throughout the laundry industry in Chicago.

One day a package of his shirts was delivered and the imprint of an iron showed clearly on the

pink bosom of the top shirt. It was slightly burned. Samoots, who was in the habit of waking every morning in a rage anyway, ran yowling down the stairs, placed his gun against the delivery man's heart and, after calling every curse in his language down upon the head of the driver and all laundrymen, he ran to the horse's head and shot it dead.

And, if you like horse stories, here's another:

Louis Alterie was a member of Dion O'Banion's gang and one of his most enthusiastic followers and admirers. He had introduced to the over-capitalized members of that gang the modish practice of taking a canter in Lincoln Park a couple of mornings a week. The bootleggers dressed in the latest mode, but never neglected their armament. It was no easy matter to induce Nails Morton, a tough and portly member of the gang, to take up this unaccustomed pastime, but he finally joined the cavalcade.

One Sunday morning, while riding alone, Morton's horse bolted. He was thrown and killed. Three hours after the accident, Alterie, with three companions, re-rented the horse, drove it out to the south-west of town and filled it full of bullets. This was but one of many strange episodes in which Alterie figured. All of them got attention in the press. It was he who had stated that he would shoot the killers of O'Banion

at State and Madison Streets, a statement which angered even the mayor, Mr. Dever.

One night he shot up the Friar's Café, again attracting attention to himself and his gang. The following day he left for his ranch in Colorado, twenty miles from Glenwood Springs. He had been told to go there, or else. It was gangland law. He was too noisy. He is there to this day, living in luxury.

While his associates in gangland bought wine, cars, and diamonds, Torrio, making more than most of them, lived very quietly. He liked to eat at home. He was seldom out at night. He dressed and lived quietly. He was an intent opera devotee, went regularly to all Italian programs and was an authority on opera scores. He hated jazz and Wagnerian music.

Although he had been issuing tough orders against others for years, when he got scared he got what may be called a blue ribbon fright. When he left the Jackson Park Hospital to go to jail he insisted upon going down a fire escape, although his gang surrounded the institution and had a Thompson gun in an automobile covering the exit.

At the Waukegan Jail Torrio hired three bailiffs at his own expense to guard the place in uniform, while two of his own bodyguard also supplemented the usual jail force. He put in black

curtains which would not show his silhouette while he was in his cell or bridal chamber. The guards all ate with him and "on" him. They ate well.

One of the most spectacular jail incidents in Chicago's gang history was the happiness model of jail life furnished by Terry Druggan and Frankie Lake, tough, dapper and wealthy beer hustlers. They were awaiting trial on a prohibition charge and were in care of Sheriff Peter Hoffman at the County Jail. They were supposed to be there, rather. One day a reporter for the *Daily Journal* called to interview Druggan. He was paged, but was out for the afternoon. The reporter said Lake would do just as well. Lake, too, had an appointment downtown. The reporter, slightly dazed, went back to his office and asked the outer reading public what kind of a jail had this turned out to be. There was hue and cry.

It developed that Druggan usually went to his dentist afternoons. Lake just went out—nothing special.

The warden was fired, Sheriff Hoffman spent a brief time in a tighter jail than he was accustomed to keeping and the *Journal* reporter, happening to think of his belated interview, once Druggan was back in jail, went over and took a beating from the infuriated gangster. Drug-

gan's point of view was that staying in jail was no harder than going to a dentist.

On the morning of December 12, 1921, I was assigned to cover the hanging of Tommy O'Connor, gangster, who when surrounded at his home after a burglary, had killed a policeman. I had never seen the man. I never did see him. He didn't show up for his hanging. He was scheduled to drop through at 7 A.M. The night before he escaped from the County Jail. He has never been captured. I wasn't disappointed.

Al Capone is perhaps the greatest personal spender in all gangland history. He literally throws rolls of bills around. Except in horse-racing, which has taken millions of dollars from him, he usually has a fairly sensible basic purpose in his expenditures. But the amounts involved are always over-stuffed and beyond all reason.

His most constant remark is: "We don't want any trouble."

When Hymie Weiss, with the courage of a mad lion, went into Cicero with his machine-gun caravan of cars, one of the bullets destroyed an eye of a woman in the street near "The Ship." Capone heard of her condition, learned where she had been taken and, although his worst enemy had injured her, he sent her five thousand dollars, in bills.

In days when things were less murderous

among the Chicago gang, Capone would frequently give parties for his henchmen at various ornate dives. Sometimes three hundred booze deliverers and dispensers would attend. It was Capone's practice to give the boss of the joint five thousand dollars at the outset, after which his followers could wallow in wine, order what they pleased, and have anything that their minds could suggest. You can imagine some of the suggestions. If there was any change left, it belonged to the boss of the joint, so it was essentially a race between the appetites of the gang and the genial avarice of the joint keeper.

Capone figures his gambling losses at four million dollars. He likes dice or any other quick action game; he is anything but boastful, and it is more than likely that the sum is a modest estimate. Once he won seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in four days of a race meeting. But he stayed seven days, and when he left he owed the bookmakers two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Capone pays, too.

Another slant on Capone may be interesting. He looks fifteen years older than his age. He is thirty-two years old but, as he himself frequently remarks, he "has lived a thousand." In his comprehensive efforts to remain alive through middle age, he has become a master of both offensive and

defensive measures. His offensive measures he is not likely to discuss, though the police and rival gangsters have plenty to talk about.

But, included in his defensive measures, is an automobile that merits a few lines. This car weighs nearly eight tons and is about as immune to attack as a British tank. Although not showing any particular contrast in appearance to the ordinary car, its body is constructed of armor plate. Every bit of glass in it is bullet proof. The normal price of his type of car is six thousand, five hundred dollars. This car, reënforced and readjusted throughout to meet the purposes of warfare, cost thirty thousand dollars. It is three years old, but an especially luxurious looking vehicle.

One more incident regarding Capone and his peculiarities may be related here. He is particularly alive to the courtesies attendant upon death. He did not attend the Dion O'Banion funeral, because it would have taken the entire U. S. Marine Corps to protect him. But his basket of flowers sent to that funeral, and immediately kicked to pieces, was one of the largest pieces in that amazing floral demonstration.

But, whether it is racial or personal, his insistent attendance at the services for the dead in gangland have made most unusual precautions necessary. On September 7, 1927, Anthony

Lombardo, an important figure in Sicilian fraternalism and a factor in many gang rackets, was shot and killed at mid-day at Dearborn and Madison Streets in the very heart of Chicago's business section. Lombardo was a great friend of Capone. It was clear that for many reasons Capone must attend this funeral and also that, in view of the particularly inflamed situation among the Chicago gangs at that period, his attendance would be fraught with danger. He would be automatically putting himself "on the spot."

No stranger situation ever developed at a funeral. Lombardo had a large home and the preparation for Capone to make his entrance at the door of the great room in which the body lay followed the best traditions of the dramatic stage. First, a stern looking man clad in black came to the door of the room and requested the eighty or a hundred people there to remain seated for a few moments. He disappeared and six men, three at either side of the door, sauntered in and looked carefully over the people at either side of the pathway to the casket. They moved forward and three more men followed.

Another relay followed until the lines on either side extended from the door to the casket. The gangsters' attention was riveted on the people on either side. They paid no attention to the conventionalities of the occasion. When all was

ready Capone stepped to the door. He walked rapidly to the body of Lombardo, knelt for a moment, then turned and walked quickly out of the room where a group of his gang awaited him in the corridor. The two protecting lines in the large room slowly sauntered out without going near the casket.

As will be seen, there is usually some basis of reason in the peculiarities of Capone. But, to continue with the odd twists of manners in others, there is the incident of Joe Saltis and the Mexican horse. Joe Saltis had some breweries up in the wilds of Wisconsin. He employed a number of Mexicans there, because they not only no-savvy but they were no-needy, and some booze-runners are economical.

Joe had plenty of relations with the North Side gang, and some of the excellently tailored equistrians of that outfit told Joe that the keeper of their stable had a Mexican pony. For some reason or other, Joe decided that the Mexican horse would be lonesome for a Mexican rider who could whinny back at him in the native tongue.

He went to the stable and started to explain that he would like to get that horse. The stable keeper, who regarded the animal as something of a pet, assumed that a nominal offer was to be made for the beast and refused to sell it. Saltis was terribly depressed. He explained that the

Mexicans were expecting this present and would be heartbroken.

"If you think five hundred dollars isn't enough," he said, "just name your price."

After the stableman had had his wrists rubbed for some time, he opened his eyes and asked where he was. The pony became Joe's, and it is to be assumed that a Mexican old home week occurred at the Wisconsin breweries.

Tim Murphy, of whom you will read in this book in connection with rackets, was a great coiner of terms. He is credited with the statement, long since grown familiar:

"Smith and Wesson made all men equal."

He also recovered the old word "racketeer" for use in connection with a modern form of employment, in which he was an adept. He it was who first called hundred dollar bills "leaves."

Incidentally, there is no more universal peculiarity among gangsters than their unheard of pride in their "rolls" and their odd terms of expressing monetary denominations.

Of sixty gangsters slain since 1924 in Chicago, Angelo Genna was the best "heeled" at the moment of his death. He had thirty thousand dollars in his clothes. The total found on the sixty was nearly three hundred thousand, actually carried in their pockets. A "grand," one thousand dollars, is constantly mentioned in gangster conver-

sation, the "leaf" being a hundred and "two bits" in these opulent days meaning twenty-five dollars, not to the worthy poor, but to the unworthy rich.

Strange attitudes, strange people, strange business.

"Hell, it *is* a business," says Capone. "All I do is to supply a public demand. I do it in the best and least harmful way I can. I can't change conditions. I just meet them without backing up.

"When prohibition came in, there were 7,500 saloons in Chicago. This town spent nearly a hundred million dollars for booze every year at the old prices. Nobody wanted prohibition. This town voted six to one against it. Somebody had to throw some liquor on that thirst. Why not me?

"My customers include some of the finest people in the city, or in the world, for that matter, but I'm just a bootlegger. I violate the prohibition law. All right, so do they."

The young man said something again!

O'Banion, once a choir boy in Holy Name Cathedral, had a voice of which he was inordinately proud. It might have been called a sobbing tenor, for he affected all those intakes and pauses which add bathos to the jazz age ballad. But in spite of this softly sentimental parlor trait, Dion was rather hard.

He was the first of the native born terrorists

in Chicago, and his methods, unlike the Sicilian routine, was brazen and on the vicious up-and-up. He was willing to take a chance in his activities; there was nothing particularly secret or adroit about his gangland defiances.

His hours of armed work soon extended beyond the racket fields and he fortified his illegal industries by an active and violent participation in minor politics. One of his performances was to swing Ward Forty-two right out of the hands of Dorsey Crowe, an important Democrat, into the hands of State's Attorney Robert Crowe, who of course knew O'Banion only slightly.

O'Banion did this with considerable expenditure of bullets. He would drop into a saloon where political strength might center and introduce himself with an outbrust of revolver shots, aimed at nothing in particular. Then, having won complete attention and established a certain amount of weight with his pale auditors, he would outline a course of conduct which would subsequently preserve them from assorted dangers and might very well profit them otherwise. He, at least, had the advantage of absolute silence and absence of debate during his political harangues.

One of the outstanding peculiarities of Weiss, even when he had attained gang leadership, was his lack of interest in the rewards or future which his strange life might seem to offer. He had

brains. Once a tough young fellow, whom he had long known, came to him and asked him if he could get an "in" at the bootlegging game. "Kid," said Weiss, "I won't do it to you. I wouldn't let you have a part of it. I hope no one else will either. You want it till you've got it and then what is it?—trouble. I wish I could change places with you right now. But I wouldn't do it to you."

A week later Weiss was dead.

Three of the Genna Brothers fled Chicago after their three brothers were slain in three months. Of the six O'Donnell Brothers, South Side beer runners, four have been removed by gang deaths. Both survivors have been fired upon repeatedly.

Al Capone's scars are on the left side of his face. One explanation is that he received them in a knife fight in one of his resorts, 2222 South Wabash Avenue, the "Four Deuces." He spent eight months in France, was a member of the Lost Battalion of the Seventy-seventh Division and claims that the scars were made by shrapnel.

Louie Alterie, since his retirement to Colorado following the death of O'Banion, has returned to Chicago twice. He was formerly an officer in a janitors' union, one of the earliest rackets. When he returned from exile on the two occasions he wore a wide Stetson hat and many diamonds. He refused to be seen talking with any

detectives. When they would approach him with a friendly greeting he would call, "Hello, but get away. I don't know anything. Just passing through."

Big Tim Murphy originated the term, "take him for a ride," but Weiss is said to have been the first one to utilize that method of obtaining silence or revenge in gangland.

Cosmano, the star killer, could never be induced to say a word about a rival gangster. "Sure, hees nice fellow. He ees good fren mine," was his usual answer to all "ribbing"—this, even though Cosmano had been assigned to put the subject of the conversation out of the way within days.

Incidentally, cold and dependable killers of the Cosmano type are at a premium. The killer who returns from a job and is all unnerved and upset is frequently "given a ride" himself just to be sure that he won't "fall apart" and talk in his delirium.

Chapter X

THE RACKETS

RACKETEERING cost Chicago about $136,000,000 in the year 1928 and brought about the removal from the city of industrial plants the potential earnings of which could be estimated in the hundreds of millions. So active, bold and unscrupulous did the racketeers grow that it became necessary early in 1929 to establish a "Racket Court" where cases involving rackets are exclusively considered.

During 1927-1928 more than two hundred rackets came to the attention of the authorities and in many instances where the ideal racketeering trio of a "fake" labor union, a crooked politician and crooked business men were involved there was very little chance to get legal leverage on the situation or to blast it out of being. More than fifty bombs were utilized by Chicago racketeers last year, and despite every pressure brought against the rackets there existed ninety-four in full operation with the opening of the Racket Court.

Nothing is too low nor too high for a racketeer

to muscle into. The principle is this, for the purpose of simplicity: Suppose ten chestnut venders are selling their wares on various corners. All of a sudden a fellow tougher than all ten of them put together—a veritable Pithecanthropus in blue serge and tweed cap—comes up to one, looks at him steadily as if about to jump on him, and says:

"I want to know just one thing—are y' in or are y' out?" No one in the world would know what the tough hombre is talking about—least of all a chestnut chef, but any one would immediately recognize from the expression on the unspeakable mug of the questioner that the matter is not only important, but probably fatal.

The chestnut man wants to know what's it all about. What can he do? What has he done? Who's doing which?

He is then told that a union has been formed which will reduce the price of charcoal, bring about steady improvement in the roasting machines, prevent policemen from giving the chestnut man the bum's rush, reduce the cost of raw chestnuts, bring suit against the grower where worms are evident and look after the chestnut roaster himself in every way with the zeal of a mother.

All that the tough one requires is an intiation fee of two dollars down and one dollar a month,

and from that time on business will pick up, protection will be assured, advice will be offered, and everything will be irretrievably hotsy.

Just as the unhappy roaster is about to state that he won't surrender those two dollars until death doth him part, the gangster gets good natured and tells him, now that he is going to be a member, about a fellow who failed to come into the union only the night before. What they did to him? It's a pity the roaster couldn't have been there to see it. He would have laughed himself sick. They nearly killed the guy.

The roaster pays his two dollars and the next roaster is twice as easy, because the racketeer can refer to the first one as a member. So it goes. It's tough from the beginning and it's bound to get tougher as the pickings increase and the tough racketeers get to know their weak victims personally.

The camouflage is that it is a protective measure, but in reality it is the exploitation and terrorization of the weak. When one of the victims gets uppety and attempts to walk out of the intimidated circle, his place of business is blown up, he is beaten or, as a last resort, he is killed. After that the resistance of the weak diminishes and the power of the strong increases.

One of the most vicious murders Chicago ever knew developed with the effort of an old waste-

paper dealer, by the name of Max Braverman, to speak up in meeting and stop paying money to the racketeering waste paper association. He arose and asked what had the union to report on funds, and he was shot dead in the open meeting by Lefty Lewis, head of the outfit. Despite the brazenness of this killing, witnesses were terrorized and Lewis was acquitted. Chicago had one of its worst mornings of nausea after that.

Here's another novel racket procedure—the Chicago Retail Food and Fruit Dealers Association. The initiation fee is $25 and the dealer pays $5 a month thereafter. All the members get is the promise that they will have no competition within a certain number of street numbers. Any one who starts to open a store at a prohibited spot presently finds himself under a basket of his own carrots, and if that won't work something else will.

Victor A. Olander, secretary of the Illinois State Federation of Labor, in discussing rackets, called attention to the fact that Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago started an "America First" organization and enrolled 6,000 policemen and 2,500 firemen for $10 apiece.

It's a wise police force that knows how to protect itself nowadays.

Perhaps if we list the functions of the Racket Court, it will prove as simple an explanation as

any of Chicago racketeering. This court has jurisdiction over these cases:

Destruction of property by explosives.
Injury to persons by explosives.
Malicious mischief to houses.
Collecting payment as penalty.
Depositing of stench bomb.
Conspiracy to do an illegal act—boycott or blacklist.
Manufacture of—or sale of—explosives.
Entering premises to intimidate.
Kidnaping for ransom.
Mayhem.
Intimidation of workmen.

That gives a fair notion of what a racketeer's duties are.

Very often the circle of intimidation widens materially, affecting thousands who have nothing to do with the organization. For example, in organizing a garage owners union the eloquent racketeers' orator told the garage men that he could increase their business by a certain percentage—and made good. His estimate of how much he could increase the business was based upon observation for a few nights in the neighborhood. He saw that scores of automobile owners who had no garages of their own let their cars remain in the street overnight.

Hoodlums armed with ice picks punctured fifty thousand tires on such cars within a month. The owners learned from the newspapers what it was all about, and the garages got some more business. It's cheaper to pay $18 a month than to have a few $18 tires ruined.

This operation cost the racketeers nothing. But for their new business the garage owners eventually paid through the nose. Racketeers don't give anything away. The heart of their business is the *take.*

The ramifications and possibilities of racketeering are readily shown by a few of the organizations classed by Gordon L. Hosteter, Secretary of the Chicago Employers' Association as ultra-racketeering combinations. These include:

The Cinder and Scavenger Association; the Soda Dispensers and Table Girl Brotherhood; the Master Photo Finishers of America; the Jewish Chicken Killers; the Junk Dealers and Pedlars; Fish Dealers' Association; Electric Sign Makers' Union; Garage Employes' Union; Midwest Garage Owners' Association; the Chicago Candy Jobbers' Association; the Apartment House and Hotel Association; the Master Jewish Butchers' Association and the Tire Workers' Union. Many a headache, beating, bombing and worse developed out of that group.

It's always easy to do second guessing, but it's

true that the dean of all racketeers in Chicago—who even gave the game that name—never knew the possibilities of the system which he invented. Or else there was just too little cobra in him to let him proceed to the racketeering limit. He was Big Tim Murphy, pioneer labor racketeer, ex-state representative, mail robber in a large way, who was shot to death June 27, 1928, after he had attempted to muscle in on some rackets that happened to be occupied by sharpshooters. He shared with Gene Geary, a vicious killer now confined in an asylum, the first racketeering prominence in Chicago.

Geary, known to have killed six men, aside from two others for whose murders he was tried, was a cigar salesman—and how. He picked out one hundred cigar stores in Chicago and instead of outright stick-ups he sold them cigars. These cabbage maduros with broccoli filling were called "Gene Geary's Own" and, so far as his customers were concerned, he could gladly have kept them. They were hard on the nose, gave off terrific fumes and frequently fell apart, but he sold them regularly and the cigar dealer bought them, or else.

It was beautifully simple. So was Geary but the alienists did not discover it until he killed his eighth victim under such odd circumstances that it seemed time for some authority to step in. He

walked into a saloon, aimed his gun at an Attorney T. J. Fell and, after looking into the man's frightened face for a moment or two, suddenly fired a bullet into a man standing next to the attorney, whom he had never known or seen before. He didn't see him then. The victim was Harry J. Reckas. Kismet!

Murphy, on the other hand, was a great fellow for using his fists. He early formed the gas workers' union and it provided him with excellent pickings in a day when a thousand dollars a week was considered pretty good if you didn't have to work for it. He had a great habit of whacking the heads of other officers together. He attended all meetings, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and, instead of asking for the minutes, would inquire if any one present hankered for trouble. He had some ready.

Mossy Enright, a political power "back o' the Yards," took a fancy to Murphy and delegated him to go ahead with further labor organization, so he was soon a power in the affairs of the street sweepers' union and the street foremen's union.

He became powerful enough to annoy Enright, and when Enright, following a successful fight in one of the unions, voiced that annoyance and declared himself in on the division of funds, the men split. Shortly afterward Maurice Enright was found shot to death at the steering

wheel of his car at the door of his home. It was the first of the modern racketeering deaths in Chicago, for the unions these men controlled were subject to racket rule. Labor slugging pointed the way to racketeering.

Murphy and three aids he had taken unto himself were arrested for that murder. The actual shooting had been accomplished by Vincenzo Cosmano, often mentioned in this narrative, and his companions were James Vinci and Mike Carrozo. They were never even brought to trial, but within a few months Cosmano was ordered deported.

Murphy served three years at Leavenworth for the Polk Street mail robbery in 1921. He was said to have engineered the robbery, which was accomplished by having the robbers wear overalls and pose as workmen taking some recreation from the printing plants surrounding the station. The bandits began a game of baseball, and as the truck they sought to rob was being loaded they all chased the ball toward it and subsequently got away with nearly $2,000,000. When Murphy got out of Leavenworth he sought to organize the Tire Workers' Union but was halted by injunction. He was attempting to form the Tire, Ignition and Battery Workers' Union when he was shot down in front of his home in 1928. His prison record had interfered with his

getting going, and injunctions had foiled gasoline dealers', cooky jobbers', and jelly manufacturers' racketeer unions he had sought to promote.

One of the last ventures of the resourceful Murphy was to get Nicky Arnstein, noted confidence man and former husband of Fannie Brice, into a gambling enterprise. He met Arnstein while both were in Leavenworth and with Arnstein's aid Murphy established a most ornate gambling place in the Edgewater section of Sheridan Road. It was raided and wrecked by police in ten days. Murphy's power to protect had vanished. And ideas without the right hookup mean nothing in the field of rackets.

To give further insight into the neat and nifty methods of racketeering in Chicago, a case will be cited which ended with what seems to me eminently entirely satisfactory results. On September 3, 1928, William Clifford and Michael Reilly, gangsters and strong arm men of the Garage Owners' Association, went into a North Clark Street garage and began to beat up every attendant there. The men attacked were all hard at work. They did not know why the boss had failed to submit to the thieving demands of this racketeering union. But to show the boss where he stood, these innocent and hard working men were viciously attacked.

Policeman Walter Hoder, of the Chicago Avenue station, a young officer with an excellent record and two commendations for bravery, passed the garage, saw a man unconscious on the floor and another man in overalls being kicked about, and rushed into the garage. He was shot five times. This, one might suppose, would be about as brazen an act as gangsters could perpetrate. Not so!

Elmer Sperry, an employe of the garage, was cowering in the office of the garage during the beatings and shooting. He had been told that if he tried to get away he would die. He was awaiting his beating. But the gangsters, with a policeman close to death and three men unconscious on the garage floor, fled.

They subsequently recalled Sperry. They had forgotten him in their haste after the brutal activities in the garage. With the whole town talking about the attack, they returned to the garage the following night, looking for the witness who could testify against them. Sperry had quit his work permanently. They found Albert Pratt, who looked not unlike Sperry, working on the books in the office. They killed him.

These two precious rascals were arrested with a man named Barker, who was identified as a look-out on both nights of violence. But they were acquitted.

There were the usual tactics of intimidation. Hoder, with a record of valor, dared not testify against the two. It was so obvious that he was held for perjury. Immediately afterward, David Ablin, who had founded this racketeering garage outfit, was kidnaped, robbed and shot. After two months wavering between life and death he came out of the hospital to find Clifford, Reilly and Raymond at the head of the union, so called. He resigned, by telephone.

But feeble as the law proved, as usual gangland could be depended upon to get results. On April 13th, a limousine pulled into an alley in Cicero. Two men sprang from it and fled. A policeman, noting their haste, approached the machine and saw two men in the rear seats, heads on the floor, legs tangled on the seats. They had been dead several hours. They were William Clifford and Michael Reilly.

No arrests.

Chapter XI

NINE PRISONS

NINE prisons, usually loaded to capacity, empty into Chicago. By that I mean that when prisoners are released from these institutions, Chicago is the first big town where they can "make their stake," and get on their way. Briefly, when they are released from prison with an average of twenty dollars apiece, and have nodded patiently while the warden casually outlines the value of going straight, the first location for their new criminal operations, that have now become economically necessary, is Chicago.

Prohibition, however unconsciously, has bettered a condition brought about by this proximity of many prisons. Prohibition, also, has materially decreased the number of stick-up men, payroll robbers, jewelry thieves, burglars and safe blowers resident in Chicago. The great majority of them have gone into booze running. It pays more and the penalties are less severe. The murders and violence committed by these criminals who have gone into bootlegging are now

confined almost exclusively to rival gangsters in the booze trade.

As has been explained before, Dion O'Banion was originally a safeblower. Pete and Frank Gusenberg, slain in the St. Valentine's Day massacre, were payroll bandits. Hymie Weiss was known as the "perfume burglar." Schemer Drucci was a hold-up man. All the better known leaders had some association with crime before they entered the liquor field.

Crime's death list has eliminated countless leaders in every type of criminality. Other important factors still alive have forsaken the old "grift," and now are prohibition business men, rendered at least a little less harmful by opportunity.

The man released from prison nowadays and coming to Chicago has usually been informed by prisoners who have tried it that he can get a lift out of Chicago by applying to any of the various gangs. The gangs don't want any upset in their tremendously remunerative occupation. A "crime wave" usually leads to a public demand for a cleanup and, in most cases, a general shifting around and transfer of police officers. The gangs don't like that, particularly since many of the police officers are useful just where they're located.

As Al Capone has so frequently stated, "We don't want any trouble."

So the convicts who by their desperate situation and their very number would create intermittent and almost perpetual crime waves in Chicago, as they did for many years, usually pass through Chicago harmlessly, traveling on gang funds.

But in the six months following my arrival in Chicago in 1919, there was a terrific wave of crime. One of the first cases I remember was that of a man who was driving at nine o'clock up Sheridan Road in a Rolls Royce runabout. It was November and he wore a large fur coat. He was held up four blocks from his home and, when the bandits got through with him, he ran the four blocks in his underclothing. The bandits of those days were very thoroughgoing.

They had not only taken the man's car but his hat, his clothing, money and other trinkets that Rolls-Royce owners are likely to have. In those days it was nothing uncommon to have two hundred holdups reported nightly at the newspaper offices. From twenty to thirty of these would be detailed briefly. The remainder would not even be printed. Some man with a foreign name, for instance, would be robbed of a dollar and a quarter and a silver watch. Perhaps he would sustain a broken nose and a slight bullet wound.

It wouldn't be important as news, but the broken nose and the slight bullet wound would, of course, hurt the man with the foreign name just as much as if he were a leading citizen. After describing a couple of hundred holdups and throwing away notes on a couple of thousand, I began to feel that it might be a good idea to have a revolver handy when leaving work at about one o'clock each morning, or leaving the Press Club three hours later.

The activities of criminals at that time in direct and indirect ways cost Chicago millions of dollars a month. The vast transient population of the city, staying at the hotels, would within a day or two learn about the numerous holdups all over the city. The result would be that cautious visitors from Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska and states adjacent to Illinois would deposit their valuables and money in the safes of the hotels at which they stopped.

Buying or shopping is largely a matter of impulse, and the shopper who fails to buy a specific article to-day may not think of buying it again for many years. All over Chicago sauntered these potential buyers with insufficient money in their pockets. The attractive windows of the stores, the vast array of merchandise gathered by the great stores of Chicago, might interest them but they would lack the necessary funds to

make the purchase. Signboards of the theaters and motion picture houses might prove alluring but, if a trip back to the hotel were required for the necessary money, the patron was usually lost to the Chicago entertainment purveyors.

Prohibition corrected this situation materially. It's one of the few things that it ever helped, and it's one of the few things that was never claimed as a virtue of prohibition.

To alter any such situation in the city is infinitely more difficult than the layman can imagine. People who have had experience with police authority and city government are constantly baffled about what to do in a situation which seems simple to a layman.

I'll demonstrate with a suggestion I made myself to Chief of Police John J. Garrity, following an especially atrocious holdup and murder in 1920. Two young fellows, university undergraduates, had borrowed a fellow-student's car to take two co-eds for an evening ride.

Along about ten o'clock they had stopped on a dark road in the park and were frolicking and talking when two bandits appeared. The bandits relieved the young men of their college finances, amounting to about twelve dollars, took some minor jewels from the girls, and finally told them all to get out because they were going to take the car. The student who had borrowed the car,

knowing it was worth a couple of thousand dollars, and alarmed at his responsibility for it, protested. He was killed.

I looked up the list of unsolved crimes over a period in Chicago and, armed with these and encouraged by one of my editorial superiors, I went over to tell Police Chief John J. Garrity, a most competent and honest official, where he got off. He was decently patient.

There had been several bandit slayings in so-called love lanes throughout the parks and in nearby suburbs, and the city was genuinely aroused. My suggestion, to put it in the briefest possible way, was that automobiles containing two detectives, accompanied by two other detectives dressed as women, should go to these centers of bandit attacks and wait for their opportunity. When the bandits got half way through their speech the detectives would let them have it. It would be a good lesson. It would avoid the nonsense of trial which usually resulted in a vicious bandit slayer going free.

I liked that idea. I was rather glad that I had worked it out personally. I remember that the Chief in his first observation seemed to like it too. I was not a bit amazed.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that is a great idea. It would be a great lesson. The only objection

that I can see to it is that it's been tried before, and resulted in a great mistake."

He then related the story of a police chief in Minnesota, who had for years been effective in keeping general criminals from working in his city. Lots of crooks lived there. But they commuted. They worked elsewhere. He had a whip hand over known and experienced criminals. He had a big reputation.

But a group of stickup boys suddenly developed in the town. They were youngsters. They were nervous and in three stickups they killed two people. There was a public outcry. When six holdups had been accomplished, all in cafés and roadhouses, the chief decided to put a firing squad of detectives in a café which would be normal "pickings" for holdup men.

During the nights the detectives were stationed there two other holdups occurred. Finally the boys appeared in the doorway of the protected saloon. There were four in the group. Two of them fell where they stood. There was considerable ado immediately and the Chief was the toast of the town.

But only for a day. One of the slain boys had nothing to do with the group. The other had joined them for the first time and was unarmed. It was just one of those things. The Chief was fired.

"Yes, indeed," said my Chief, "it's a good idea. But it's been tried before."

Earlier in this chapter I mentioned the conclusion I slowly developed, in view of the innumerable Chicago holdups, that a newspaper man moving about late at night or early in the morning should include a revolver in his equipment.

I got one. It was a big one and I'll tell you how useless and even dangerous it proved to be.

The station at which I left the "L" had before it a little park, with many trees and a fountain. David Belasco couldn't provide a more perfect setting for a holdup. From the point of view of the stickup man, it had everything. After many months of brave indifference, I got the gun and, when I had it in my possession, I developed all the characteristics of a Chinese hatchet man. In other words, any one could tell that I had a revolver. I acted like a man with a weapon. I walked like a man with a weapon. I left my office every night conscious that I was about to commit a murder, even though it would be justified.

The matter of reading a paper as I rode toward home in the early morning really meant little. My mind was on the gun. Now and again I would picture the situation in which it was to be used and, on more than one occasion,

when I murmured "Stick 'em up" some quiet fellow-reader in the "L" would register amazement and then apparently become convinced that he had been hearing things.

On leaving the "L" station, I would put the newspaper over my arm with the gun in it. It was really a big gun—too large for the ordinary city shooting.

For a long time the gun was just a nuisance, but finally the moment came. As I walked out of the station at three o'clock on a rainy morning, two young men walked diagonally toward the little park and me.

"Got a match?" growled one.

"Stick 'em up!" I said.

I have never seen four hands go up more quickly.

Now that I had them, I hadn't the slightest idea what to do with them. I thought medium-fast.

"Walk up to that corner," I said, "and keep 'em up."

The young men obeyed.

A block away was Sheridan Road and two hundred feet north on it was my home.

As we walked along, it occurred to me that any one in an upper window seeing this parade would be likely to take a shot at me. Furthermore, as I observed the legs walking before me,

they seemed altogether too weak and irresolute for banditry.

When we got to the corner, I was stumped. First, I was convinced by this time that the trembling young men were not bandits. Second, I had no desire to take them home with me, no matter who they were.

"Cross that street," I said, upon reaching the corner. "And keep 'em up."

They went in one direction and I walked rapidly up to my home. When I got there I looked around and saw the two young men standing on the corner with their hands in their pockets looking after me. I have never felt more foolish.

I sat on a hall chair for about half an hour, expecting that the young men would arrive with reserves to find out what was the matter with me, but apparently they had gone on their way.

It's more than likely they gave up smoking.

Chapter XII

DEATH COMES TO AN ASSISTANT STATE'S ATTORNEY

MOST physicians with the proper bedside manner have an emphatic way of saying: "Forget it!" even if it's pretty well established that you have it. Thus Chicago with crime. At regular intervals there developed symptoms and events which indicated that something was very unhealthy in the body politic. Powder burns, crooked joints and alcoholism led to straight, outright murder but, having called in prohibition doctors, local police and antiquated legal bandaging, the town did its best to forget it.

In 1926, however, things developed in such flagrant and bombastic fashion that public feeling was aroused which led to drastic political action in 1928.

The two outstanding developments which exposed the criminal and political hookup in Chicago were the murder of State's Attorney William McSwiggin and the trial and conviction of Alderman Titus A. Haffa and four others charged with the operation of a huge liquor syn-

dicate. These events were coupled with countless less definite occurrences pointing in the same direction, and Chicago was at last aroused to action, as will be related subsequently.

On the night of April 27, 1926, Assistant State's Attorney William H. McSwiggin was mowed down by machine gun bullets in Cicero, the Capone stronghold. In his company were James Dougherty and John Duffy, two beer-running gangsters. A year before this murder Dougherty had been tried for the murder of Eddie Tancl of Cicero. He was acquitted. The man who had prosecuted him, unsuccessfully, was State's Attorney William H. McSwiggin, his present companion in death.

Even State's Attorney Crowe, that source of long and gallant statements, could only say, "Well, well!" when he heard of this development. After a period of thought he issued a statement to the effect that McSwiggin had been very active in prosecuting gangsters and was probably in Cicero on business. But this sat very lightly with the people of Chicago, especially when Al Capone, who had been indicted for the murder, surrendered himself four months later under conditions dictated by himself. When the officers took him into custody at the Indiana line and asked him what he knew about the death of Mc-

Swiggin, he made a brief statement. It contained dynamite.

"I am no squawker," he said. "But get this straight. I was no foe of McSwiggin. I knew him in a business way. I paid him—and I paid him plenty."

What a deliberate earful that was for Chicago.

"Ten days before McSwiggin was bumped off," Capone said later, "I met him as usual. I had some of my men with him. If we wanted to bump him, that was the spot. We didn't kill him. We didn't want to kill him, then or later.

"I blew out of this town on the night after that murder because I've been accused of every death except the casualty list of the World War. I didn't want some fat-headed cop to shoot me on sight, just to make a snappy entry on his record."

Capone was free three days after he surrendered.

It is the general consensus of those "in the know" that the slaughter of McSwiggin and his two gangster pals, Dougherty and Duffy, was a mistake only insofar as McSwiggin was concerned. On that April evening they had pulled up in front of Madigan's saloon in Cicero. They were getting out of the car when another closed car drove slowly by and swept the three men to their death in a hail of machine gun bullets.

Less than a week before this occurrence an at-

tempt had been made on the life of Capone. It was reported that at that time Capone had seen Hymie Weiss, his arch enemy from the North Side, in the automobile from which bullets poured. With him were four men and Capone is said to have recognized Duffy and Dougherty, whom he had believed loyal to him.

Weiss was capable of any recklessness, as has been shown heretofore, and the theory is that when Duffy and Dougherty came into Cicero with McSwiggin, who looked not unlike Weiss, a car of death went out to meet them.

At any rate, there remained ample public interest as to why McSwiggin was with two gangsters in Cicero. State's Attorney Crowe promptly stated that he was there seeking evidence. But this as promptly became nonsense when early investigation showed that Duffy, a barber and bootlegger and Dougherty, a beer hustler and thug, had very often visited the Madigan saloon with McSwiggin.

The previous relation between McSwiggin and Dougherty has been explained. Duffy, the barber, was precinct captain for State's Attorney Crowe's organization in the preceding election.

Five special Grand Juries were used in an effort to find the answer to this murderous, political-crime tangle. But they got exactly nowhere.

Silence sealed the lips of all gangsters—this thing was vital. The conditions are best set forth by the report of one of the grand juries:

"A conspiracy of silence is evident among the gangsters, and intimidation of all witnesses is clearly evident, also. Any one who aids the public officials by giving needed facts is very likely to suffer for it. It is clear to this jury from what we have seen and heard in this courtroom during the last five weeks that the prosecutors have a most difficult task before them."

The father of McSwiggin, Sergt. Anthony McSwiggin of the Chicago Police Department, named as the slayers of his son Al Capone, and the latter's henchmen, Bob McCullough, Frank Reo and Frank Diamond. He declared that he had positive information but he did not disclose what this was nor how it had been obtained.

The final word of the last Grand Jury's effort was offered by Judge Charles A. McDonald, who directed a phase of the inquiry. He said:

"I know who killed McSwiggin, but I do not know it legally and am unable to present it conclusively. Neither Sergt. McSwiggin nor any one else has at any time given me the name of a witness who would appear before the Grand Jury to identify Al Capone or any other person as the murderer. It has been necessary to keep the

name of every witness secret. The moment they are wanted they vanish."

It may charitably be assumed that McSwiggin was innocent in his contact with the murderous company in which he was found; at any rate, the grand juries very definitely and finally stated that his visit to Cicero on the night of his murder had nothing to do with the legitimate functions of his office.

Many another official and judge of Chicago has found it hard, when some crisis developed, to explain the company he has kept.

Jim Colosimo, definitely known to be a leader in Chicago's vice system, was for years on intimate and semi-social terms with city officials and people of social prominence. Diamond Joe Esposito, slain in Chicago's gang tangles, made a particular boast of whom he knew and how well he knew them. He was useful, and though he could not read or write, he moved on occasion in exceedingly important company.

Although Joe was a staunch supporter of almost everything the law forbids, dabbling in booze, labor rackets and joints, he surrounded himself with ambitious companionship as he smiled and bowed his path through life on the way to his bullet. Senator Charles S. Deneen, Roy O. West, Edward R. Litzinger and other men

of similar status in Illinois politics for years attended the ornate dinners that "Diamond Joe" held to prove something or other.

Within forty hours of his death, he was shot down March 20, 1928, he had given a huge dinner to his friends, including some of the best known men in Cook County, with a liberal representation of judges and officials.

Joe was an amiable old fellow who knew just enough to glide by politically with the aid of a vast and ignorant group of supporters. His boast was that he was always doing something for somebody, and in the general excitement he managed to get a lot done for himself. He was a presidential elector one year, ran for County Commissioner at another time, and as ward committeeman could just about deliver the old "Bloody Nineteenth" Ward any way he wanted.

He was studded with diamonds, had money loose in all his pockets, couldn't write, talked with a dialect, didn't know what a joke was, and was about as greasy a neighbor as you ever set eye upon. Virtually all of his business activities were against the law.

But—at one of the last dinners he gave there was a ceremony of presenting a bust of Mr. Esposito to Senator Charles S. Deneen and among the speakers who burst out about the bust

and Mr. Esposito were: Judge Hugo M. Friend, Judge Edgar Jonas, Judge V. P. Arnold, former Judges J. T. Labuy, Charles Williams, Charles N. Goodnow, Judge W. F. Helander, Judge Joseph Schulman, Judge John A. Bugee, Judge George A. Curran, Judge William Morgan, Judge H. B. Miller, Judge F. B. Allegretti, Judge William Fetzer, Judge George B. Holmes, and Recorder Joseph Haas.

Among the judges who were nowhere near the bust was Federal Judge Adam C. Cliffe. It was Judge Cliffe who undermined Diamond Joe Esposito's trick power when he slapped a padlock on Joe's gaudy Bella Napoli Café at 850 South Halsted Street. For years Joe had delighted his inferiors and annoyed his political superiors by his claims of power. There was a legend that all any one who found himself in any difficulty had to do was to see Joe, who would promptly speak to the President, if necessary.

But Joe got hoarse explaining that padlock. Thirsty Neapolitans couldn't quite get his drift and finally he stopped all his explanations on the day after his sixtieth birthday party, when fifty-eight bullets were lodged in his body, via a Thompson machine gun.

The associations of Esposito, McSwiggin, Colosimo and lesser figures were not lost upon

the people of Chicago. With the underworld organized and with decency futilely puttering around, there was need of some "overt act" to concentrate the indignation of the decent elements of the city. That "overt act"—a pineapple message—came in April, 1928.

Chapter XIII

PUTTING THE PINEAPPLE IN POLITICS

THE people of Chicago, having given the gangsters, racketeers and thieving politicians rope enough at least to hang Chicago's head in shame, the McSwiggin murder and the Titus Haffa liquor syndicate exposure, with its political ramifications, brought about that slow and effective indignation that is typical of the righteous. The decent element in Chicago, somewhat helpless and uninformed about how best to proceed, began to make plans and adhere to them in a determination to clean up the mess at the top.

Titus Haffa was alderman of the Forty-third Ward in Chicago.

According to Federal Agent John Conwell, the alderman learned from alcohol cookers in his ward just what the returns amounted to in the alcohol traffic. He found that you could buy uncooked moonshine and re-distill it. It cost less than a dollar a gallon to make and sold for from four to nine dollars a gallon. A still, running ten hours a day, could produce—if it were a sizable

still—thirty gallons of alcohol an hour, to be sold at five dollars a gallon. The bootlegger stood to make fifteen hundred dollars daily, or more than half a million dollars a year from one still.

Haffa had an excellent political status for his purpose, and, although he was intruding to an extent on the North Side gang, they regarded his operation as not very damaging to their own and, for political reasons, let him alone.

But, unfortunately for Haffa, Captain Thomas Condon of the Hudson Avenue Police Station, would neither help nor tolerate Haffa's activities. According to Federal Agent Conwell, Haffa, after an unsatisfactory talk with Captain Condon, made this statement to him:

"I'm going to have that fellow thrown out of that station as soon as State's Attorney Bob Crowe gets well." Crowe was ill at the time.

Albert P. Bauer, prominent in politics and a Lincoln Park Commissioner, was one of Haffa's satellites in the booze game. Until they were tripped they had real power. Federal Agent James F. Donohue, testifying at the Haffa trial, said:

"Haffa told me that as soon as we had pitched Condon out of the station command, my partner, John Conwell, would go around to the saloon-keepers with a police sergeant and explain to

them that they'd be knocked off if they didn't buy alcohol from Haffa."

All of this was news to Chicago!

The bootlegging and beer-running industries provided such a vast return in money that the grafting politicians soon depended heavily upon booze sources for campaign funds. In return, the politicians provided amazing protection. Every branch of the public service—municipal, state and federal—became entangled in the mess.

The best indication of what the gangsters could afford to pay is to be found in two examples of their offers to high officials. Chief of Police Morgan A. Collins was offered from one group five dollars a barrel on two hundred and fifty barrels a day, simply for permission to move it. E. C. Yellowly, Federal Prohibition Administrator for Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana, was offered a quarter of a million dollars if he would keep hands off one alcohol plant—the Cragin Products Company.

The trend of things had become too obvious to be endured without action and when, in 1927, William Hale Thompson was returned to power there were developments so flagrant and open that they provided an automatic incentive to increased efforts on the part of the decent people of Chicago.

Thompson, whose partisans were called hood-

lums by the forces seeking to defeat Thompsonism, immediately took the name as his slogan. At political meetings he would address his supporters in a jesting way as "Fellow hoodlums." His supporters laughed heartily. His opponents, not at all amused, bent themselves more seriously to the task—the terrific task of getting the city out of its hopeless muddle. They were opposed to the most menacing and most formidable political machine in all Chicago history.

With the election of Thompson, Al Capone had come into such power as he had never known before, and the city's gambling, prostitution, brewing, moonshining and bootlegging became systematized and an almost accepted part of the city's life.

It was perfectly clear that the gangsters were willing to pay even more generously than usual for protection. William E. Dever, who was defeated by Thompson, was offered one hundred thousand dollars if he would "lay off," play dead, or "be himself." He refused any parley with the hoodlums whatever. He did not get that money, nor any money like it. But the gangsters had it loose and it must have gone somewhere.

The effort at William E. Dever's reëlection was really not a very well-conducted gesture, even though it had the backing of decency. Many respectable people are not necessarily

skillful and there were no outstanding evidences of political astuteness or foresight in the well-intended efforts for William Dever.

Politics is a side-line for ordinary business men but, in Chicago at least, it has become the life work of people who are not representative of the best in the city. They may not be desirable but they're not stupid. Their opponents may be absolutely clean, but they, in this instance, were not clever.

Thompson, to begin with, has always provided a good show. Facts do not interest him; he can't remember statistics; he is easily amused and, although his performance cannot be termed sound drama, the people he appeals to like comedy anyway, and the people he appeals to are usually in the majority everywhere. Be sure of that.

Will Rogers, talking about that election, hit the nail on the head, as usual. He said: "They are trying to beat Bill Thompson with the better-element vote. The trouble with Chicago is that there ain't much better element."

Among the unfortunate errors of Dever's virtuous supporters was a slogan which could readily defeat almost any candidate.

"Vote for Dever and decency."

In the public mind decency, however incorrectly, is nowadays associated with prohibition, which originally was at least decent in theory.

So those who regard pseudo-prohibition as a curse, were alienated from Dever. The bootleggers, fighting for their diamonds and bankrolls, fought as they had never fought before and, when the count was brought in, William E. Dever, frequently referred to as "the best mayor Chicago ever had," was a good eighty-three thousand votes behind William Hale Thompson, known to his supporters as "Big Bill, the Builder."

The town dislikes Thompson less for himself than what he stands for. Those who knew him before he was ever in an elective office say that he had a tolerant view of everything, was no meddler and was an urgent advocate of the principle "Live and Let Live."

That's all right, in its way, but, in Chicago, considering the state it had fallen into, there were things that could not be permitted to live. Summoning the fragments of their forces after the election of Thompson, the so-called decent element of Chicago, having learned much in a brief space, determined to smash the remainder of the Thompson machine. This machine sought to keep State's Attorney Crowe, of whom and from whom you have heard much, in his vitally important office. The machine hoped to keep Len Small, the governor referred to in the Cusick pardon episode, in his office and it sought to send

Frank Smith, rejected by the United States Senate because of his campaign irregularities, back into the Senate over all protest.

Incidentally, one of the main factors in the irregularities attributed to Smith was the acceptance of twenty-five thousand dollars from Samuel Insull, Chicago utility magnate, while Smith was chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission. The Insull money was a senatorial campaign contribution. Samuel Ettelson, Insull's personal attorney, was part of the machine as city attorney for Chicago.

The opposition to this outfit was headed by Senator Charles S. Deneen. The outstanding task of the Deneen organization was to get Judge John A. Swanson into the State's Attorney office. On the face of it, or to the lay citizen, it seemed a simple matter to drive Crowe out of that office. But the Crowe-Thompson outfit had the organization and the jobs, was fighting for its life and seemed to be certain of a direct primary victory.

Any mistake that the conservative forces of Chicago may have made in its effort to return Mayor Dever to office was beggared in stupid thoughtlessness by the action which now smashed the Thompson machine.

The homes of Senator Charles S. Deneen and Judge Swanson were wrecked by bombs—or pineapples, as they are called in Chicago.

Judge Swanson escaped death or injury by seconds. The brazenness of these deadly operations stunned the city, accustomed as it had become to violence in which gangsters were the victims.

State's Attorney Crowe, with usual promptness, issued a statement. That statement proved a greater bomb-shell to the Thompson machine than either of the first two deadly pineapples. Crowe deliberately announced that the Deneen-Swanson forces placed the two bombs to win the sympathy of the public. The people of Chicago, incensed at this cynical, nonsensical and utterly unbelievable rot, worked themselves up to a fighting pitch which had never been approached in twenty years in Chicago politics. For once it was clear the Crowe-Thompson machine had gone too far.

With things in this precarious condition, Big Bill the Builder stubbed his toe and stubbed it plenty. At one of the largest meetings of the campaign he made a slighting reference to Edward Litsinger, whom he had defeated in the primary a year before for the mayoralty nomination. He made a reference to relatives of Mr. Litsinger and, as a sister of Mr. Litsinger chanced to be in the audience, she arose, signaled for quiet and said:

"Mayor Thompson, you lie, and you know you lie!"

She took the meeting away from Thompson.

Thereafter Litsinger, known always as a very temperate man in his utterances, began to talk at meetings in language understood by Thompson adherents. Among other things, he announced that Thompson had the "carcass of a rhinoceros and the brain of a baboon."

Mr. Litsinger, who was successfully campaigning for a position on the Board of Review of Chicago, talked to many audiences. His eloquence and new indignation had a vast effect upon his hearers. Minor orators in his group took their cue from him.

Meanwhile Big Bill the Builder was not going so well in his own talks. The bombings and the new attacks upon him personally had taken away his genial manner on the platform. A voice occasionally shouted "Rhino" or "Baboon," and, somehow or other, Bill's comebacks were not as merry or formidable as they had been in other days.

He and his campaign-wise aids were soon in the dumps. But the gangsters, grafters and politicians could be told nothing; they merely got ready the gunmen legions for the usual terrorisms. Their confidence was a mistake. With thousands of reasons for indignation, honest peo-

ple of all factions and classes were determined not to be terrorized. Thousands of citizens, many of them representing civic organizations, became voluntary watchers at the polls. The majority rolled up against the Crowe-Thompson machine was so tremendous that no amount of twitching or thieving of votes could alter the result. Thompsonism was taken for a ride. Big Bill still had his term to serve out, but his machine had been effectually smashed.

Chapter XIV

BILL THOMPSON AND KING GEORGE

DURING the campaign which led to the decisive defeat of Mayor Dever, William Hale Thompson, suddenly and for no visible reason, lost all patience with King George V of England. Although there were at that time no arrangements pending for King George to visit Chicago, Mayor Thompson announced that if His Majesty came anywhere near him, he would "hand him a good belt on the snoot." There was no word forthcoming from Buckingham Palace on this important international threat.

Mr. Thompson, apparently having been asked confidentially by a friend just what King George had to do with the election, declared that Mayor Dever, his Irish-Catholic opponent, was a tool of King George. This sounded interesting and finally a lot of people wanted to know what Mayor Dever had done while in King George's employ. So Big Bill the Builder explained. He said that the mayor had permitted William McAndrew, who was "King George's stool pigeon,"

to introduce books into the Chicago grammar school curriculum which made our national heroes look silly, and gave the British and their troops all the better of it.

It seems, among other things, that the eager and patriotic children of Chicago had been given an entirely erroneous point of view regarding the glories of the Boston Tea Party. The Americans who took part in that festival, instead of being set forth as heroes, were belittled and given the status of tea hi-jackers—maybe more than that.

Anyway, the Mayor wanted William McAndrew and several of his aids indicted. They were not indicted and, when this action was found impossible, the Mayor announced that "the King of England wouldn't let them be indicted." Now, on the face of it, this would seem too childish for any one to believe. But there are shoals of people whom you have never met, and they all have votes.

There was a trial, and a costly one, to bring about the dismissal of Superintendent McAndrew. The superintendent attended the hearings and, after a few days of testimony which were an absolute delight to any one who, like himself, had a whit of humor, he took to bringing books to court with him, and read up on a lot of matters

that he apparently had been waiting to find time to study.

Meanwhile, about three weeks before the trial would have ended, his term came to a close anyway. This undoubtedly gave King George a terrific giggle.

One of the most important mechanisms by which Thompson chronically gets himself elected Mayor of Chicago is his habit of switching the public eye from something which is not going so well to something which gives great promise. It was while the opposition was saying very definite things about local corruption that he decided to put a hammerlock on King George.

It is quite possible that there are fifty thousand men in Chicago who would make better mayors than Big Bill the Builder. But they can't get themselves elected. He can, and does. So all their excellent qualities are hearsay.

Whatever Thompson says on any subject, either in defense or in the nature of a civic boast, is put in terms that automatically give the mind a picture. He seldom utters a public sentence that has not some value as news, if it applies to public affairs. Theodore Roosevelt had that same faculty of making everything he said for public consumption sound interesting and not tedious.

As an example, let us take the water situation in Chicago. Various politicians in the city discussed it, and their addresses usually sounded like the nightmare of a teacher of mathematics. It was a splendid introduction to a sound sleep. But Thompson, who certainly knew no more about the water situation than many another orator in Chicago, suddenly became the great champion of more, better and cheaper water by neatly expressing the situation in a way which the ordinary or subordinary mind could comprehend.

Chicago at present uses more water per capita than any city in the United States—more than twice as much as New York. The city draws 8,500 cubic feet a second and, for years, the other lake cities have been wailing that their waterfronts will be lowered by this tremendous loss of lake water. The War Department, which controls the situation, threatened a few years ago to cut in half Chicago's water supply unless water meters were installed.

Thompson, instead of getting into a dull statistical tangle, asserted that water was one of Nature's gifts—that it should be as free as the air we breathe. This doesn't make any sense, really, because he knew, even if most voters didn't, that it is costly to pump, purify and distribute water and that the tax to maintain increased waterworks has nothing to do with freedom.

But Bill pointed to the air and to the water, and nobody but a professional killjoy would bring up the subject of cost.

But that wasn't all. He brought the picture right down to the ordinary Chicago flat. He said that, if the supply were cut, you could go to the homes of the poor and see five children taking a bath in the same tub of water because their parents could afford to pay for no more. This, of course, was a shocking picture, but, as usual, it didn't mean anything.

The fact is that without any change in water supply five tubfuls of water would have cost about seven and a half cents. Under the War Department's suggested plan, the cost would have been eight cents. Few people knew that and maybe the mayor didn't, but, in any case, his fight for the little "unbathed kiddies" was one of the best aquatic carnivals the lake has ever known.

People may be inclined to believe that Thompson could never have attained his political status anywhere but in Chicago. That is wrong. He knows people in a mob sense better than half the men in power in this country. There may be lots of things he doesn't know, but he knows his stuff. With half a start he could do it in ten

other American cities—perhaps in any town in this country.

New York had its John F. Hylan, better known to journalists as "Red Mike," and Boston had Mayor Fitzgerald, "Honeyboy Fitz." Big Bill the Builder can outsmart them both forty ways. They believe their own chatter. Bill doesn't. He knows better.

Some of the showmanship of Bill Thompson may be traced to his first political sponsor, Fred Lundin, who once, as a roaring medicine man, sold an Indian tonsil remedy from the tonneau of a wagon under a gasoline flare. He had learned, and Thompson knows, that it makes no difference how attractive the article you offer for sale, your first task is to make them stop and lend an ear. Otherwise you haven't a chance. From the beginning Thompson could hail 'em and from the beginning also he could present them with an earful, however temporary his adherence to what he said.

As early as 1915 this latter qualification was clearly demonstrated and, just to show the Thompson method, we will relate how he hopped into office at that time.

Carter Harrison, the younger, a Democrat, had terminated his fifth term as mayor. Roger Sul-

livan, Democratic political boss of the State, was out to knife him. He did. Robert Sweitzer became the candidate of the Democrats.

Meanwhile, Judge Harry Olsen had practically been decided upon to lead the forlorn Republican hopes. At this juncture Fred Lundin, "the poor Swede," came into the picture. He had yanked together the ruins of William Lorimer's old Republican machine and was busily but somewhat dizzily seeking a candidate.

William Hale Thompson was a perfect pippin for the job. No carttail ballyhoo boy could have asked for more. Thompson was the medicine. He had been an alderman in 1900 and, on a tip from a newspaper editor, had urged and caused to be established the first playground in this country.

Here he was, then, a millionaire sportsman, a member of one of the best families in Chicago, personally popular, widely acquainted and, in the mind of Lundin, "the father of the public playground movement." Sounded good. Lundin put him into the lists and he went by Judge Olsen to the nomination.

Carter Harrison, trimmed out of the Democratic nomination, which went to Sweitzer, threw all his strength to Thompson. Sweitzer was a Catholic, and the bud of what was later to flower into the Ku Klux Klan rounded up the fanatical

Protestant vote. Sweitzer was of German antecedents. A few days before the election Chicago Germans and Austrians turned out hundreds of thousands of handbills urging citizens of Central European origin to vote for Sweitzer and the homeland. This gave the pro-ally vote to Thompson in its entirety.

Meanwhile Thompson had promised the reformers he would close the saloons. He had definitely promised saloonkeepers he would not. He had devoted a great deal of his time to the Negro vote and it helped a lot.

We now reach a paragraph that eloquently tells the basis of Thompson's ability to win in Chicago.

On April 6, 1915, he beat Robert Sweitzer by a margin of a hundred and forty-eight thousand votes. How did he do it? Because he was the Wet—Dry—White Supremacy—Negro—anti-English—pro-Ally—Protestant Republican—Carter Harrison candidate. Big Bill the Builder.

Bill may have a rhinoceros hide but he can get through any keyhole. And he has done everything but put sleeves in the American flag for his personal use.

Big Bill's war record was sensational and led to indignant denunciation throughout the country but, looking back on it through the stretch of years, it takes on a different aspect. During

the hysteria of war time he was at least absolutely tolerant of Germans who had had no part in war activity and who were hardly in a position to change their origin just because somebody shot an Archduke in Sarajevo. Many a German, remembering those hectic and headless days, still votes for Bill Thompson, in gratitude for what he regards as decent poise in the midst of fanaticism.

In his time, Big Bill the Builder has taken some terrific thwacking from the newspapers. It has very often made him angry and, when he sues, he sues in the grand manner. Once he brought a couple of little actions against the *Tribune* and the *Daily News*. He sought to recover for the city of Chicago ten million dollars from each because they said that his administration had bankrupted the city. The lower court decided for the newspapers and the Supreme Court backed them up.

As this is written, Thompson's once great machine has suffered a defeat which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred would prove politically fatal and final anywhere or anytime. Thompson has been ill; he and some of his political associates have been successfully sued for nearly two million dollars. Two years ago he promised to clear Chicago of its crooks within ninety days, and less than six weeks ago, as this is set down,

the Massacre, the worst crime in Chicago crime history, has startled the country.

Surely it would seem that Big Bill the Builder is through. But who can be certain? Even the overwhelming defeat of his machine cannot be taken as certain evidence of Bill's coup de grace.

For the present Big Bill the Builder is resting face forward on his political bier. But keep away from those heels.

Chapter XV

AN INSIGHT INTO COURT SCENES

IN April, 1928, the "Bloody Twentieth Ward" of Chicago had its usual feverish activities at the polls during the primary. According to the police hundreds of voters were kidnaped and beaten, watchers opposed to the Ellers, bosses of the vice and booze-ridden ward, were chased from the voting places with bullets to aid their speed, and a genuinely active day was had by all. As an overtone of the activities, Octavius Grady, a colored politician who had had the temerity to run for ward committeeman against Morris Eller, City Collector of Chicago, was shot to death.

This election as noted elsewhere in this book was a clean-up for the better elements in Chicago and the activities in the miserable twentieth ward stood out like a sore thumb. Something was certain to come of it. We'll see how much!

Under pressure of the new power of reform sixteen defendants were indicted for the violence and terrorism of that day. Among them were Morris Eller, the Boss, and his son Judge

Emanuel Eller of the Criminal Court. Is that last clear? Another prominent somebody involved in the charges was State Senator James B. Leonardo, and twelve other defendants from the Twentieth.

It was alleged at the first trial of these men—all except the Ellers who demanded a separate trial—that Morris Eller had spent the night before election in a large hall at 1221 Blue Island Avenue, where his satellites had visited him and congratulated him, precisely as if the election were over. It was, really. Here it was testified that the Boss had told his men to go to the polls heavily armed because "everything is fixed and there can be no comeback."

It took four weeks to complete the jury, another month to complete the trial which ended in a disagreement after "complications of evidence, charges and counter charges, perjured testimony and intimidation of witnesses, constant quarreling by counsel and reprimands by the court."

State Senator Leonardo, charged with kidnaping in person two Bar Association watchers from the polls and repeatedly identified, asserted that he had arrived at the polls after the kidnaping and had discussed it with Police Lieutenant Philip Carroll. The policeman said he had not seen the State Senator nor said a word to him on that day.

This trial was held in November, 1928, and one of the principal witnesses was John Freeman. He testified that under different names he had voted at five places on that day. Another important witness was Isham Jones, a Negro clergyman, who reported as a watcher and was sent running from the polling place by revolver shots.

In April, 1929, a second trial of the case was held. Mr. Jones, called to the stand and asked to identify one of his assailants, pointed to a juror, No. 4 in the jury box. Freeman was called, declared that he had voted from West Fourteenth Street, although he lived on the South Side.

"Did you vote more than once?" asked Prosecutor Raber.

Freeman said he had not.

Mr. Raber then produced the testimony of the first trial showing that Freeman had testified that he voted repeatedly at the direction of an Eller henchman.

"In that trial I answered as I was told to," said the witness. "I said just what Mr. Raber and Policeman Miles told me to say. They said they wanted to get the Ellers."

Mr. Raber continued to read the answers made by Freeman at the first trial.

"Every question I was asked, I was told the answer by you," said the witness bluntly.

"Did I tell you the names of the five polling places where you said you voted?" demanded the prosecutor glowering at the witness.

"Yes," answered Freeman, "you mentioned twenty-six. You kept me two hours doing it."

"Well, you only named five places," roared the prosecutor.

"And I wouldn't have named them, only you told me you'd make me the biggest man on the West Side and that you'd protect my house [a disorderly house] without interference.

"Why, your place was raided last fall," said the prosecutor.

"Yes, and I went to you, and you called the police captain for me," said the witness.

Under cross-examination by his attorney the witness admitted that he had given some false testimony in the second trial. He was promptly put under arrest for perjury.

At the first trial of the Eller defendants Samuel Bennett and Robert Cornelius had testified regarding the kidnaping of the latter's brother on primary day morning as he left his home. He had been taken to the election day "prison" at 1352 Peoria Street, where workers against the Ellers were held all day—many of them being beaten.

At the second trial these men could not recognize a single one of the defendants previously

identified. At the first trial they had stated that they had known the defendants for years, but at the second trial they said that they had known them slightly by sight but could not connect them with the kidnaping. Both were jailed for perjury, by Judge Frank Comerford, obviously indignant at the situation affecting the witnesses.

Before the beginning of the second trial of the Eller henchmen the two leading figures of the Twentieth Ward, Morris Eller and his son, the judge, forced the assignment of their case for trial. First Assistant Frank J. Loesch, newly appointed to his post under a reform administration and one of the most active factors in the campaign to rid Chicago of gang-rule, protested this assignment, asserting that the prosecution would not undertake the trial of the Ellers, father and son, until forced to do so by law. The reason for this was that two of the chief witnesses for the State had fled from Chicago, and the third major witness, Edwin Johnson, had recanted all testimony affecting the Ellers and to avoid testifying, willingly took a year in jail for contempt. Thus the State, confronted with this necessity for action, hadn't a witness left, except one glad to be silent in the protection of a jail.

Let us also inspect an example of court procedure in Chicago previous to the election of Judge Swanson as State's Attorney. Not so

long ago the prosecutor's office began a search to find out what had become of two unfinished criminal cases, three years old, against Polack Joe Saltis, South Side beer runner and active politician.

During the three years Saltis continued delivering beer except for such interruptions as were caused by his killing of John Mitters Foley, the murder of Frank "Lefty" Koncil, his accomplice in the Foley murder, and a three months' period in hiding to avoid a gun-carrying charge.

Saltis had supervised the election of Dingbat Oberta as ward committeeman of the Thirteenth Ward, and to say that Saltis had not personally elected Oberta is to fail to give credit where due for a lot of high-class, high-pressure slugging and violence.

After all of these incidents and a two months' search for the old cases, it was found that by some trickery they had been deftly placed in a vault in the City Hall supposed to contain only cases completely disposed of.

For fear you may suppose the cases were of no importance, here is Deputy Commissioner of Police Stege's description of the raid which brought about the charges—and also Saltis' point of view about the burial of the cases.

"Late in 1925 we hopped onto one of Saltis' beer-loading plants at 2128 West 51st Street.

We got them so quick they couldn't reach for a gun. Here's what we found: eight vans loaded with beer, a basket of revolvers containing eleven, 1,500 rounds of ammunition and ten sticks of dynamite.

"A long time later, when we grabbed Saltis for killing Foley, I had a talk with him about the two charges. I asked him what happened to them. He said: 'Nothin' to it, Stege, it cost me twenty grand, but those papers are lost and they're gonna stay lost.' "

When Judge John Lyle, who has incurred the enmity of gangland by imposing bail in huge amounts, had Saltis before him on this occasion immediately after the raids, Saltis was fined a thousand dollars on each count of having dynamite in his possession and violating the prohibition statute. In discussing the scene in court, Judge Lyle said:

"I was sitting at the Maxwell Street court at the time and Stege and Chief Collins came in with Saltis and his hoodlums—also blackjacks, the guns, automatics and dynamite. I instructed my clerk to swear the witnesses. The State's witnesses were sworn, examined by the State's Attorney, and cross examined by the defense counsel. Then I asked the defense attorneys to state their defense. Their first move was to suppress the evidence on the ground of a technicality. I

overruled the motion. Other similar motions were made for a period of an hour and a half or more.

"At this stage the defense asked for a jury trial. I ruled that it was too late, that the motion should have been made before the State showed its hand and had its witnesses testify. When I refused to allow this motion the gangsters' attorneys refused to let them testify.

"There was nothing for me to do but to find the defendants guilty and impose sentence. I did this, imposing the fines on both charges and sentencing Saltis to sixty days in the workhouse besides. I assessed fines and sentences in the cases of the other lesser factors in the case.

"All afternoon emissaries from politicians and political bondsmen and lawyers bothered me to turn these hoodlums out on their own recognizance. When I emphatically refused, they wanted me to set bonds for them. In the afternoon four Municipal Court bailiffs showed up and told me a Criminal Court Judge was waiting in his chambers with the gangsters' lawyers, to free the entire group on writs of habeas corpus. They told me the Judge hadn't issued the writs, but had telephoned the bailiff's office and they had been rushed over by the chief deputy bailiff, to get the prisoners. I told them to go back where they had come from. This de luxe service

for these gunmen left me entirely out of patience.

"The telephone kept ringing constantly, messages went buzzing back and forth from the bailiff's office and that of the Chief Deputy Clerk of the Municipal Court. My clerks were instructed to leave off handling my court cases and make out capiases immediately for Saltis and his gangsters.

"I told them to proceed with their work and let that gang at least take its regular turn. Then I personally got a call from the Chief Clerk asking me why my men hadn't made out capiases for Saltis' gang. I wanted to know, and I was genuinely indignant, why these hoodlums aroused such interest and sympathetic effort. There followed a bitter and disturbing argument which I finally ended by telling the Chief Clerk to stop any intereference with my court aids.

"After all of that I had to fine one of the clerks next day for contempt of court. He had made out the capiases after I had ordered the court files impounded."

Chapter XVI

THE HAND REACHES EAST

WHEN Frank Uale, better known as Yale, was killed early in 1928 in Brooklyn, the car which smashed his into the curb and from which the bullets that brought his death were sprayed, bore an Illinois license.

Uale, racketeer and gangster, was the head of the Unione Siciliano in the United States. Fate had put him in a tough spot, from which there was no escaping. He was called upon to make a decision regarding his organization's leadership in Chicago and, whatever his decision might have been, the result would have been the same to him. He realized that and had stalled for months until marksmen made the decision for him.

When Mike Merlo, head of the Unione Siciliano in Chicago died in 1924, Uale turned over the Chicago leadership of the Unione Siciliano to Johnny Torrio. When Torrio, induced by gun fire, turned over his booze and gang mantle to Capone, he had no power to give him the leader-

ship of the Unione. That matter was up to Frankie Uale.

Immediately Capone proposed Tony Lombardo, an associate of his group, for the Chicago position. Immediately, too, Joe Aiello, an alcohol baron with a powerful gang and at times associated with the Bugs Moran group, made an emphatic bid for the place. There was such contention and such danger in the situation that Uale, intent upon his own lucrative operations in the East, temporized with both sides. At this juncture Aiello had the edge in the matter and Capone was insistent that Lombardo should have the flat support and approval of Uale.

At the time of the Sharkey-Dempsey fight in New York both sides were in the East putting pressure upon Uale. Uale decided upon a middle course, telling the representatives of Aiello and Lombardo that there was ample field in Chicago, and that the men should return with his order that both power and profits be split by Joe Aiello and Tony Lombardo. He insisted upon peace at once.

Within two weeks the Capone group planted a machine gun nest across from Lombardo's home. Immediate communication was made to Uale showing that the Aiellos had broken the peace pact. This trick did not work. Uale was not deceived by the ruse. Within two weeks the

Illinois car smashed into Uale's limousine and launched the shower of death at him.

In Chicago Tony Lombardo, with the Capone backing, immediately swaggered with self-asserted power and went about the affairs of the Unione Siciliano as if he were unaware of the existence of the Aiellos. On September 7th, members of the Moran-Aiello group sought out Lombardo, with his bodyguards, Pasco Lollordo and Joseph Ferraro, in broad daylight at one of Chicago's busiest corners, killing Lombardo and fatally wounding Ferraro. Three months later Lollordo was killed in his own home.

This operation was far from the usual methods of the Aiello outfit but typical of the bold and swaggering methods of their Bugs Moran allies. It was subsequently clear that all of the Aiello strength and interests had been thrown into the Moran group, making a formidable and concentrated menace to the Capone power. Until this definite allegiance, the North Side Gang had lost all contact with Sicilian controlled vice and racketeer operations in the city. With the combination of the Aiello information and connections and the Moran recklessness and indifference to danger, the Capone organization had much to fear.

Capone's most frequently reiterated statement is "We don't want any trouble." Between the Sicilian groups trouble develops slowly and is

handled quietly and adroitly. There is no open defiance or braggadocio. Some Sicilian rival, deftly and as secretly as possible, intrudes upon a fellow countryman's preserves. He doesn't boldly announce that he will do so; he adroitly does it, ready with a shrug to announce when trouble comes, that he did not know he was doing anything wrong.

Usually he is told with a smile containing daggers that it would be better for him if he refrain from this and that. If he does not he is some day found slain.

The Moran-Weiss-O'Banion method has ever been precisely different. "To hell with the Sicilians" was an O'Banion statement just a month before his death. Moran is known to have called up Capone time and again at his steel shuttered headquarters with its ten telephones in Cicero, just to curse and bawl him out and tell him what was going to happen to him.

After all, in booze and other rackets there is something to be done in a business way. All the day's time cannot be devoted to killing or plans for killing. There is no money in that. Killing is incidental. The statements, boasts, threats and other "ribbing" of the North Side Gang have for years disturbed and aroused the utmost rage in the Capone group. They are not of the temperament to submit to abuse without action, especially

when the abuse and belittling has been peddled and yowled through all gangland by the North Side wildcats.

In the back of Capone's mind there is always the fact that he and Torrio started this business and showed the way. He has viewed with scant tolerance the grabbing of the North Side out of the original Capone territory through the defection of O'Banion. He regards those who have since come into power and money in the North Side Gang as a lot of brainless upstarts featuring too much noise for the good of their own or his business.

It can readily be realized, then, what a pressure of hate developed when the Moran gang, through their connection with the Aiellos, actually intruded into the affairs of the Unione Siciliano. And the further determination which gripped the Capone gang when their candidate for the leadership of the Chicago branch of that organization—practically accepted as leader after death came to Uale—was shot down in the brazen manner typical of the Moranites and diametrically opposed to the methods of the Aiellos.

Incidentally, in the shooting of super "Big Shots" in Chicago gangdom there has never been an identification of another top leader in the actual attack except in the case of George Moran, who was identified as an actual participant in the

shooting of Johnny Torrio. The means by which that identification was brought about will make clear to the reader why newspaper photographers' cameras are frequently kicked to pieces at gangster functions and funerals and why Hymie Weiss, implacable hater and brainiest leader, shouted threats at every photographer who approached him when under temporary police detention.

"I'll kill you if you do it," Hymie would scream at photographers, struggling frantically to hide his face, despite the desire of police officers to have him photographed. Such photographs, published widely, are a genuine aid to the police.

In the case of Moran a photograph taken at the O'Banion funeral, at which he was a pallbearer, led to his identification when Torrio was riddled.

The only witnesses to the Torrio shooting were Bob Barton, Torrio's chauffeur, Torrio and his wife, and a boy, Peter Veesaert, son of a janitor in the vicinity of the Torrio home. None of the Torrio party had anything to impart, but the boy, who saw the shooting without undue alarm and who proved just as fearless later, was an ideal witness.

The O'Banion funeral picture was shown to the boy and he promptly picked out Moran in the group of pallbearers, as one of the Torrio

assailants. Later out of readjusted lines of men he twice identified Moran.

"You never saw me," growled Moran at the boy. "You never seen me in your life."

"Yep," said the courageous kid, "he's the one."

Within a week, however, all of this good was undone.

Judge William J. Lindsay, before whom Moran was arraigned, held him in $5,000 bail, which is the equivalent of a nickel in gangland in a real emergency. The police set about establishing a case against him and they may still be at it. Nothing happened.

But another probable element of Capone's hate for the North Side group and for Bugs Moran in particular may be noted here. When Torrio was in the hospital Capone, with the stalwarts of the gang, guarded the institution. Capone for the first and last time recorded gave way to unrestrained weeping.

As this is written Jack McGurn, of the Capone group, is under indictment for the massacre of Bugs Moran's North Side gang to be described in a succeeding chapter. In addition, the police are seeking Louis Campagni, William Heenie and John Moore, alias Maddox. This quartet, according to both Chicago and Brooklyn police, were the occupants of the car which sidled up to Frankie Yale before his death.

Chapter XVII

WHAT HAPPENED TO GAMBLING

CHICAGO's change for the worse—or to the worst—was exactly coincidental with the beginning of prohibition. For more than twenty years the city had a national reputation for being no health resort for those looking for trouble and no sylvan dell for those whose tastes were attuned to the quiet life. Chicago—like all great cities—has had its organized vice and gambling intermittently disturbed, however slightly, by aroused public opinion or spectacular, if unsustained, police activity.

But with prohibition came the gangster with money and power, good appearance and the fanatical conviction—not absolutely erroneous—that money can straighten out almost anything. With the booze supply put on a fairly efficient routine, with the beer business fully developed and gun protected, and with the established rackets divided among gangs or individuals on the basis of political, financial or machine gun power, the gangsters simply reached out and plucked the tremendous

gambling system prevalent in Chicago, as an incident to its more remunerative activities.

This branch of accepted lawlessness had for a score of years been the principal objective of those who sustain their interest in life solely by campaigning against evil. For years the campaigns were noisy but ineffective. Gambling continued and its scope grew in Chicago. Police officials were discharged, every law enforcement factor was urged on, yet finally Chicago was the center of race track gambling in the nation. Each year it was better organized and more remunerative, but the largest single factor in the field, Monte Tennes, at the top of his career had an income of less than a million. To the gangsters that was almost chicken-feed, but one must have change, so they took gambling away from the best organized group of law-evaders in Chicago. Let's get a cross section of the gambling status of this town.

Give the Chief of Police a moment:

"I will stop gambling in Chicago or I will run every known gambler out of this city. Show me or my men a gambling resort and we will wreck it and arrest those who conduct it. Gambling in this city is doomed; it will not be tolerated an instant."

That is not the present Chief of Police talk-

ing; it was Chief Shippy and he said it twenty-five years ago. In 1928 gambling in Chicago, never having been halted for any period at any time, had increased 1,000 per cent over any situation against which Chief Shippy made his brave fight. All politicians and police will not show a willingness to take tribute from vice. But somehow through the years gambling has been regarded as almost clean as a source of tribute. There has always been a keen, even if furtive, interest in it—on the part of a majority of those situated for a "split."

In the annals of Chicago violence gambling for many years was the main factor. At regular intervals competition would get keen and bombs would be utilized to discourage whatever group was "pushing." Then again there was for years a peculiar significance in the fact that any new factors forcing themselves into the gambling situation in Chicago would be raided at once and repeatedly by the police while the established group, obviously "in favor"—and that costs money—would proceed without the slightest disturbance. Many righteous people wondered at this. Countless wise people didn't.

As far back as 1910 Monte Tennes, owner of the General News Bureau, principal distributor of race results in this country, had a monopoly on

gambling in Chicago. Bombs were bursting in air while this monopoly was established, but for many years thereafter Tennes was the man. At that time he operated thirty handbooks and general gambling establishments in the city of Chicago and in the course of time this number and the numbers of his clients increased.

As far back as 1911 an Assistant Chief of Police, Herman Schuettler, knowing that Mayor Busse was being disturbed by a great public outcry about gambling following a series of bomb explosions, went right out and knocked off eight of Tennes' best places. He was not fiddling—he raided the places.

Directly after this somewhat startling action the Chicago *Tribune* printed this item:

"The control of gambling has been taken from Assistant Chief Schuettler. Under shelter of the order making police inspectors and captains responsible for conditions in their districts, gambling has been revived immediately and notoriously. Officers are reveling in professions of ignorance of gambling, although it is being carried on under the noses of the uniformed police.

"Recently Monte Tennes was bold enough to taunt the police official regarding Tennes' success in nullifying the honest efforts of the raiding squad.

"'Hello, there,' chuckled Tennes, 'what's become of that raiding brigade.'"

During this year, a controversy between the Tennes General News Bureau and the Payne News Service of Cincinnati became so bitter that a national investigation was instituted to determine the legality of transmitting racing results over interstate wires. It was finally declared legal by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In this hearing representatives of the Payne service had this to say regarding Tennes' effort at a national race news monopoly:

"If he succeeds, he will charge every handbook and poolroom of the country an exorbitant price for information from the tracks of America and Mexico. Every day places which get information through our officers are visited by police, 'tipped off' by agents of Tennes. We are fighting Tennes fairly but he insists on having the whole thing and seems to want a renewal of the gambling war."

Tennes kept raising the cost of race information. He finally had three hundred gambling locations in Chicago and was the biggest single factor in national gambling in the country. The gangs had not got to him yet. Prohibition was yet to knock this situation askew—though indirectly.

Let's jump sixteen years—prosperous ones for Tennes—to 1927. After all, what is time when we are talking about money? On July 16th of the later year the Empire News Company was in court seeking a Federal injunction to prevent constant raids upon its property and offices. It was attempting to distribute race news. Regularly the police arrived and smashed everything in their elaborate headquarters.

The Empire News Company contended that Tennes inspired these raids. It was granted a Federal injunction.

Let us step back to the entry of Robert E. Crowe into the position of State's Attorney for Chicago in 1920. Soon after his election the Chicago *Daily News* published an article showing the tremendous activity of the handbook gambling forces in Chicago and asserted, "Since the advent of the Thompson administration it has been freely whispered that Monte Tennes has been forced to surrender a large interest in his General News Bureau to the politicians."

Whether that was true or not, something obviously broke "under cover." Monte Tennes' places were raided and literally smashed to pieces by the police raiders. Tennes was indicted with many aids, one of the most important of whom, Ephraim Harding, ended his life at this time.

The others were tried in 1922 and the case against them dropped because the prosecution had not been able to prove its contentions.

The following year Mayor Dever was elected and wholesale and wholehearted raids on all gambling in Chicago were instituted. And at this juncture the gangsters came into control of the handbook and gambling situation.

They put the final quietus on the Tennes handbook operations. Heretofore gambling reprisals had been accomplished with bombs and inspired raids. Now the gangsters began systematically to "stick up" the gambling syndicates' places of business. In a single raid on one of Tennes' locations they lined up thirty-five sheetwriters, bookmakers, clerks and customers in broad daylight and walked off with $25,000.

Those robbed could not get any serious police action, for the police were anxious to hide the fact that such places existed. Right then the gambling suckers of Chicago began to look around for places where one might take a chance and actually have one. Capone's resorts, just outside the city, and others conducted by the Aiello Gang, allied with the Bugs Moran group, which was early active in gambling, gave the gambling customers a protected play.

Tennes gave up the handbook field and at-

tended to the General News Bureau alone. As this is written he has the National News Service in growing competition with him, and the latter's daily paper, *The Racing Record,* is running a series of loudly derogatory articles on the life and works of Monte Tennes.

As has been stated before in this book, Capone became the outstanding factor in Chicago gambling when William Hale Thompson came into office after the defeat of William E. Dever in 1927. He had carte blanche except for the activities of the Aiello and Bugs Moran group.

All of the gangsters had discovered that the power of bombs, sawed-off shotguns and the threat of being "taken for a ride" could exert power far beyond the booze and racket field. They had the contact with the crooked politicians on one hand and they put the fear of death into the small gamblers on the other. They automatically increased their "piece" to the powers above and took their slice direct from every gambling place which they protect or permit to run.

They usually "muscled in" for forty per cent of the "take" of these independent gambling places. That takes care of everybody so far as the gambling house keeper is concerned. It fixes the "mobs" and the Law.

Under this arrangement the North Side remained under the domination of Bugs Moran

and his Aiello allies. Capone continued to hold sway in the more lucrative South Side. But the Aiellos, intent upon getting control of the Siciliano Unione, hoped in that way to capture a great sector of the foreign gambling group, aside from all other advantages.

It was just another item in the hatred between the Capone and Bugs Moran-Aiello group.

Chapter XVIII

THE MASSACRE

ON the morning of St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1929, the most terrific and horrifying crime in the history of prohibition crime activities took place in the North Side crime headquarters of the Bugs Moran bootlegging, hijacking and racketeering gang in Chicago.

Just before eleven o'clock four men, two wearing police uniforms, were seen to enter the garage at 2122 North Clark street, used as the central booze loading plant of the gang. These men left what apparently was a police squad car outside the garage—a big open touring car with a blackened bell on its running board.

One or two curious people, seeing the police enter a small door of the garage, stopped for a moment and subsequently remembered the time of the entrance of the four men. Others remembered hearing what they believed to be back firing from the garage. Still others saw four men come out of the garage eight minutes after their entrance had been noted and drive away in what seemed to be a police car. None of the early

curious waited—the police established the time by the testimony of two different groups.

There is no clew to just how the tragic horror within the garage was accomplished. It was more than an hour before a truckman, entering the garage, found seven men lying in a forty-foot pool of blood; they were riddled from head to foot with machine gun bullets. Five of them had been the principal muscle men of the Bugs Moran gang. The other two had died so that there would be no witness against the killers.

This within a mile of the Chicago City Hall.

Bugs Moran alone had survived the complete slaughter of his "big shots," and one of the most powerful gangs that Chicago ever knew had ceased to exist.

When the police reached the scene one of the figures lying in the welter of blood was found to be breathing—Frank Gustenberg. He was still alive when he reached the Alexian Brothers Hospital—barely breathing and pierced by fourteen machine gun slubs.

An old sergeant of police whom he knew well, leaned over him:

"They never gave you a chance, Frank. Who shot you?"

True to gangland code Gustenberg wagged his head weakly.

"Nobody," he whispered.

With six of his pals dead—one of them his brother—he could not squeal.

"Which gang was it, Frank?" asked the Sergeant, after a while, as Gustenberg gasped away his life in the darkened room. Gustenberg's head shook a negative.

There was a silent few minutes, then:

"It's getting dark, Sarg, so long," and Gustenberg was dead.

Some time the following day Moran, knowing that the police were seeking him, got in touch with them. He was asked for his theory of the slaughter.

He stood silent a long time, constantly casting his eyes about as if awaiting some one.

"Only the Capone gang kills like that," he blurted out. He had nothing more to say. Then or later.

The reconstruction of the crime and the position of the bodies make it clear that the seven men were taken completely unawares. They were first reassured by some circumstance arranged by the killers; then covered with revolvers before they could make a move; then lined up against the wall with their hands above their heads and mowed down with more than a thousand machine gun bullets. Their heads, bodies and legs were in some instances almost severed where the machine gun "choppers" moved the guns slowly.

As has been stated before, Al Capone, at the exact time the massacre was accomplished, had gone out of his way to be talking to the district attorney at Palm Beach. He had no special business with the official it was afterward learned. Naturally, considering the local situation in Chicago in booze, gambling and the affairs of the Siciliano Unione, Capone was immediately linked with the crime. Yet developments provided so many other potential clews that the purpose of the massacre cannot readily be established.

One thing is certain: if police were not actually active in the killing, the only reason why police uniforms were utilized was that the uniform was an automatic sesame. No gangster has been afraid of the police uniform in recent years in Chicago. The contrary is true. These gangsters, wary, quick on the trigger and constantly expecting trouble, were doubtless immediately relieved of alarm upon seeing two policemen enter the garage. Gangsters do not deal, or at least have not dealt, with ordinary policemen in Chicago. They have dealt with the higher-ups. What could an ordinary street-pounding cop do to them? Nothing, without risking his own job. That would account for the use of the uniforms.

Immediately after the killing Frederick D. Silloway, assistant administrator of the prohibi-

tion force in Chicago, expressed his belief that the men who died had been the victims of vengeful cop-crooks who had been mixed up in a hi-jacking and feared the consequences. About a month before a hi-jacking of five hundred cases of liquor had been pulled off on Indianapolis Boulevard in Chicago. Police took part in it. This liquor was headed for the Moran gang, and the theory of Silloway was that the Moran gang made it so hot for the police involved that the latter determined to kill the gangsters before they themselves were either killed or "broke."

On investigation this theory could not be supported fully.

The police under Russell went after the case in effective fashion. Russell from the outset was doing no covering up for crooked police. "I'd as soon hang coppers as gangsters for this murder," was his immediate response when Silloway's theory was set forth. But the cop angle dwindled.

The final theory reached by the police, on the basis of both motives and actual evidence, was that the Capone gang aided the Purple gang of Detroit in pulling off the massacre.

For a week before the crime four men, all later identified as members of the Purple gang of Detroit, set up a watch in two furnished rooms overlooking the entrance to the Moran headquarters.

Mrs. Michael Doody, 2119 North Clarke Street, subsequently identified two boarders she had had who had lived in the front room of her house for a week, had had no baggage and had disappeared on the morning of the massacre. They were Harry and Phil Keywell of the Purple gang in Detroit. She positively identified their pictures.

At 2135 North Clarke Street is a boarding house kept by Mary Atkinson. Two men had lived at her house under the same highly transient conditions. She identified pictures of Eddie Fletcher, a member of the Purple gang, and Phil Keywell, who was apparently living a double boarding house life. All of these have vanished from Detroit and are still sought as this is written.

Capone had long ago had dealings with the Purple gang. More recently Moran had broken away from coöperation with them after a change in his liquor supply was offered to him. He and his gang had been circulating "Old Log Cabin" whisky in Chicago for more than a year. It was a big business and it came through the Detroit syndicate which includes for its rough work the Purple gang. Doing a business of more than $100,000 a month, Moran had to pay the f.o.b. Detroit price, the "fix" charges everywhere, and the pay of his gang. It was expensive.

He got a chance to get some good Canadian liquor for less and to have it reach him by a cheaper route and he left off dealing in "Old Log Cabin." The Purple gang made another hook-up with a brother of Nails Morton, slain gangster, and continued to send along "Old Log Cabin" for Chicago consumption. Meanwhile, it became known in gangland that Moran was "stuck" with his new brand of Canadian liquor. It was cheaper, but his customers wanted "Old Log Cabin."

From the outset, even back in the days of Dion O'Banion, the North Side group had been strong-armed hi-jackers. Now, within a period of a month, shipments of "Old Log Cabin" consigned to Paul Morton in Chicago were repeatedly hi-jacked. The Purple gang began to prowl Chicago.

During the month in which these hi-jackings developed, Chicago newspapers published stories of a booze-laden ship on the way to Chicago. Its contents were consigned to the Capone gang. They were short of good liquor. The ship load was hi-jacked. The Moran gang got a vast stock of "Old Log Cabin."

At this juncture came the massacre.

Developments in the investigation make it clear that the massacre which shook Chicago to its foundations and shocked the entire nation

failed of its purpose. The killers were after Bugs Moran. They missed him.

On the day of the massacre Al Weinshank entered the garage five minutes before the slaughter. He is built like Moran. The police subsequently noted that his olive brown soft hat and his light spring overcoat were identical with Moran's garb at that time. The killers swarmed from their hiding places and killed a man dressed as they had been told Moran dressed—and all witnesses.

The group slain included Pete and Frank Gustenberg, long known to the police as payroll bandits before they hooked up for rough work under prohibition, James Clark, ex-convict and strong-arm man, Adam Hyer, in charge of the headquarters shipments, John May, racketeer, and Dr. Reinhart Schwimmer, an optometrist who knew the various factions of Chicago gangland and foolishly associated with them. He and Weinshank were not gangsters in any sense.

As this is written three men are held in connection with Chicago's most spectacular crime—Jack McGurn, known to the police as Chief Chopper for Capone; Rocco Fanneli, a Twentieth Ward gangster friendly to the Capone interests, and John Scalice, whom you may remember as the Genna brothers' chief artilleryman.

Perhaps seven men have done what a thousand

leading citizens have failed to do for nearly a generation.

Chicago is aroused. The massacre crystallized the spirit which was first and amazingly shown in the political overthrow of April, 1928.

The reform movement is under way in Chicago with a driving force it has never known before.

Chapter XIX

LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD

IN the period following the death of Dion O'Banion there have been more than seventy "big shots" killed in direct connection with booze, beer, gambling and vice feuds in Chicago. Hundreds of lesser lights have met death in the turmoil, but a study of all of the shootings involving important factors in gangland shows clearly the futility of police efforts. The crimes invariably are pre-arranged to the last detail, executed with flawless precision and followed—under pain of gang death—by utter silence on the part of all involved.

It will be noted that in all the important killings here set forth there is only one instance in which the alleged slayers were brought to trial. In that single case the Assistant State's Attorney, who unsuccessfully prosecuted the two defendants, was subsequently found dead beside one of them in a gang slaying.

Here is the record:

Dion O'Banion, November 10, 1924; booze war. Slayers not caught.

Eddie Tancl and Leo Klimas, shot in Cicero, November 23, 1924; booze war. Myles O'Donnell and James Dougherty tried and acquitted.

Joseph Larson, "taken for a ride" April 7, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Angelo Genna, shot and killed in automobile, May 26, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Walter A. O'Donnell, killed June 9, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Michael Genna, killed by police, June 13, 1925.

Anthony Genna, shot dead July 8, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Anthony Campagna, killed July 15, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

James Vinci and "Machine Gun Joe" Granata, July 18, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

George ("Big") Karl, "taken for a ride" July 23, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Irving Schlig, airplane bootlegger, and Harry Berman, "taken for a ride" August 28, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Aniello Taddeo, September, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

William Dickman, "taken for a ride" September 3, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Sammie ("Samoots") Amatuna, shot in barber's chair, November 13, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Eddie Zine, November 18, 1925; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Policeman Edward A. Harmening and Joseph M. Brooks, "taken for a ride" December 22, 1925; booze and gambling war. Slayer not caught.

Henry Spingola, January 10, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Harry ("Schoolmaster") Schneider, "taken for a ride" January 16, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Agostino and Antonio Morici, brothers, January 26, 1926; alcohol war. Slayer not caught.

Teddie Stein, January 30, 1926; booze and gambling war. Slayer not caught.

Clarence W. Glynn, February 14, 1926; booze war. Virgil Litzinger awaiting trial.

Orazio Tropea, shot from auto, February 15, 1926; gang defense fund collector. Slayer not caught.

Edward Baldeli ("The Eagle"), "taken for a ride" February 23, 1926; gang defense fund collector. Slayer not caught.

Vito Bascone, "taken for a ride" February 24, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

David Feeley, "taken for a ride" March 1, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Joseph Staliga and Jeffery Marks, killed March 17, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

George ("Dutch") Dietrick, killed in saloon, March 23, 1926; beer war. Slayer not caught.

Joseph Tuccilo and Francisco de Laurento, "taken for a ride" April 10, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

William ("Rags") McCue, killed April 17, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

William H. McSwiggin, Assistant State's Attorney; James J. Dougherty, gang chief; Thomas Duffy, saloon keeper, killed in Cicero, April 27, 1926; graft, gang war. Slayer not caught.

Frank Cremali, "taken for a ride" May 21, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

James Lamberta, James Piazzi and Mrs. Crystal Barrier, killed in roadhouse, June 1, 1926; gang spoils and booze war. Slayer not caught.

Frank Camera, "taken for a ride" June 9, 1926; killed for informing police. Slayer not caught.

Charles Carrao, shot from auto, June 23, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Jules Portuguese, "taken for a ride" July 14, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Phillip Piazzi, killed in roadhouse, July 22, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

John Conlon, shot in saloon, July 29, 1926; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Thomas Ross, kidnaped, tortured and drowned in cistern, August 3, 1926; gang war. Slayer not caught.

John ("Mitters") Foley, shot in automobile, August 6, 1926; booze war. Joe Saltis and others acquitted.

Louis ("Big") Smith, killed from auto, August 10, 1926; booze and gambling war. Slayer not caught.

Earl ("Hymie") Weiss and Patrick Murphy, killed October 11, 1926; gang and booze war. Slayer not caught.

Frank ("Lefty") Koncil, March 12, 1927; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Alfonso Fiori, "taken for a ride" March 14, 1927; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Vincent ("Schemer") Drucci, killed in detective bureau squad car, April 4, 1927.

Alex Burba, killed April 9, 1927; witness in gang murder. Slayer not caught.

Frank Hitchcock, killed in his roadhouse, July, 1927; gang and booze war. Slayer not caught.

Paul Scollo and his brother Frank, killed in their fish market, November 9, 1927; labor racket. Slayer not caught.

Fred A. Drullard, shot dead on street, December 2, 1927; electrical union workers' fight. Slayer not caught.

John Touhy, "taken for a ride" December 4, 1927; booze and slot machine fight. Slayer not caught.

James Loftus, "taken for a ride" December 21, 1927; booze war. Slayer not caught.

William Weber, killed in his store, January 13, 1928; labor racket. Slayer not caught.

Isadore ("Nigger") Goldberg, shot "on the spot" February 17, 1928; vice and gang war. Slayer not caught.

Phillip Leonetti, killed in a saloon, February 23, 1928; booze war. Slayer not caught.

"Diamond Joe" Esposito, killed near his home, March 21, 1928; political and booze fight. Slayer not caught.

Joseph Cavaretta, found shot to death May 15, 1928; alcohol war. Slayer not caught.

"Big Tim" Murphy, shot in front of home, June 26, 1928; booze and racketeer labor war. Slayer not caught.

James Lupino, ambushed near home, June 12, 1928; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Salvatore Canale, killed July 26, 1928; alcohol war. Slayer not caught.

Virgilio Aliotta, killed in store, August 10, 1928; gang war. Slayer not caught.

Anthony Lombardo and Anthony Ferraro, killed at Madison and Dearborn Streets, September 7; war over Sicilian gang supremacy. Slayer not caught.

Peter Rizzito, shot dead near his home, October 27, 1928; sequel to Lombardo murder. Slayer not caught.

George Darrow, killed October 29, 1928; beer and gang war. Slayer not caught.

Vinci Signorelli, shot to death in car, October 31, 1928; booze war. Slayer not caught.

John G. Clay, shot in his office, November 16, 1928; cleaning and dyeing war. Slayer not caught.

John La Pazzo, "taken for a ride" December 8, 1928; booze war. Slayer not caught.

Philip Lapaglia, "put on the spot" December 21, 1928; police informer. Slayer not caught.

Hugh ("Stubby") M'Govern and William ("Gunner") M'Padden, killed in Granada Café, December 31, 1928; booze and gang war. George Mahoney awaiting trial.

Pasqualino Lolardo, killed in his home, January 29, 1929; successor to Tony Lombardo as leader of the Unione Siciliano. Slayer not caught.

Frankie Gusenberg, Alfred Weinshank, James Clarke, John May, Adam Hyer, Pete Gusenberg, Reinhart Schwimmer, massacred February 14, 1929. Jack McGurn and John Scalice held.

William Clifford and Michael Reilly, racketeers, "taken for a ride" April 13, 1929.

In this entire list there are only four indictments pending. No other police or prosecution results were attained. At the "peace dinner" the gangsters laughed at the thought of killing and the ease with which it is accomplished. But Chicago is stirring!

Chapter XX

THE POLICE

FOR years the most unswervingly severe and just critic of individuals, officials and groups contributing to Chicago's shame has been Dr. Phillip Yarrow, superintendent of the Illinois Vigilance Association. He has become an authority on police matters and routine, methods of graft, and civic business generally, and no rainbow of hope has developed in him at any time in his public utterances on the subject.

But within a week prior to the writing of these words and exactly a year after the smashing of the Crowe-Thompson machine at the polls, Dr. Yarrow, discussing the work of William Russell, Commissioner of Police of Chicago, said:

"He has done a masterful job within a year. You can say to the world that Chicago is being cleaned up with astounding and rapid efficiency. Long before the World's Fair opens, with the present model policies and supervision in the Chicago Police Department, this city will be the cleanest and safest in the world."

Every indication and development observable in Chicago to-day indicates the truth of Dr. Yarrow's prediction. The grafting cop at this writing, with the system above him politically all at loose ends, hasn't much in the way of high-class protection to sell. Doubtful protection doesn't bring much in the gangster market and vitally depreciates gangstering enterprises generally.

Chief Russell knows the town, knows the job before him and knows just where to put honest policemen, "wrong guys" as gangland knows them, at points which will destroy the usual gang-police contacts. It's being done, and right now, with things as they are in Chicago and public pressure being what it is, I can't think of any one who will attempt to stop it.

There is at the present time an agitation to increase the number of police in Chicago and to increase the caliber and status of the department by a thoroughgoing crook-pruning. There are thieves in the department as in any other police department anywhere consisting of over a hundred men. But a combination of the desire to steal and a good working knowledge of how to go about it can be eliminated by a few thousand dismissals. That will develop with the addition of new blood, forewarned that the old days of graft are over so far as the men higher up are concerned.

Rapidly as the population of Chicago has increased, crime has outstepped it four to one in volume. Mind you, the population of Chicago has doubled since 1900, and in that time the crime volume has increased 345 per cent. In 1900 there were twenty-six murders in Chicago, or about one every two weeks. In 1928 there were 368 murders or one for every day in the leap year and two extras.

In 1900 the police recovered property valued at $414,181 and in 1928 the total was $41,967,841. This sum represents more than twelve dollars for every man, woman and child of Chicago's population. Yet this is only a fragment of the fabulous sums lost through robbery during the year. Briefly, every day in Chicago in 1928 represented a loss by robbery of about $115,000, twenty-seven automobiles stolen, and one person slain.

In 1910 there was a policeman for every 511 inhabitants of the city. To-day there is one policeman for every 600 citizens. New York provides one policeman for every 366 persons and when one considers the narrow area to be policed there as compared with Chicago's 200 square miles the difference in statistical protection is tremendous.

It is a fact that Chicago, third largest city in the world, has fewer policemen per square mile

than any other large American city with the exception of Detroit.

In Chicago, as in other large cities of this country, there has been in increase both in the vicious detail and premeditation in murder cases. In earlier days murders were usually spontaneous affairs, as chance brawls are to-day, but in the present day and under the conditions of organized crime, the great majority of murders in gangland are premeditated and planned to the last detail. Where a beating would suffice in grudges years ago, a murder is now introduced and the lack of successful punishment in these cases has made murder an accepted necessity among the lawless. Murders to-day accompany beer and alcohol, gambling, and racket wars, bank robberies, frustrated hold-ups, gang reprisals, love affairs, feuds and elections, as an almost expected eventuality.

In Chicago the man with the gun has changed the fist fight of a generation ago into the slaying of to-day. It is so elsewhere. There have been gangs in America for a hundred years. In New York the Hudson Dusters, San Juan, Plug Uglies, Five Points and Cherry Hills and others; in Chicago, the Ragan's Colts, the Valley Gang and several "Back o' the Yards" groups. Every town of any size had at least one gang. They were, in the main, rough, brutal and ineffectual.

They frequently fought just for the love of it or to show off. If they had trouble with a policeman, they were usually satisfied to give him a beating, always with the chance of taking one.

The gangster of to-day is usually not at all personally courageous. He knows exactly what he is doing and it is usually something that is against the public good. He will kill in a twinkling. He goes ready for killing at all times. He will fight nothing out if he can avoid it. He prefers a back for his bullet. In Chicago at least, gangsters have been as ready to kill policemen as civilians. Policemen have been deliberately "taken for a ride"—a means of killing which involves virtually no risk at any juncture in its performance. The victim is usually lodged in the front seat of a car. He is notified of his death when a revolver is pressed against his head. He is helpless.

Unless the growth of a city results in the material extension and improvement of its police organization, every factor of the growth is an aid to the criminal. It provides increased facilities for concealment, its railroads offer the means to hasty departure from crimes, improved roads combined with automobiles make the flight from the immediate scene of a crime easy and sure, and frequently the crowds quickly formed following

a crime are an aid to the culprit's escape in the ensuing confusion.

With corruption, dishonesty and normal city advantages accruing to the criminal taken into consideration, and with only seven policemen on duty in a square mile, there has been nothing to halt the growth of Chicago's crime record insofar as the Police Department has been concerned.

The greater part of the effort of the Chicago police under these conditions has been to attempt the solution of crimes already committed. A far greater uniformed force is required to prevent the committing of crimes in the first instance. Of the seven policemen who now cover a square mile in Chicago, three are on duty during the day, four at night and only one after midnight. A square mile in Chicago consists of twenty-four miles of streets and ten miles of alleys. Figure it out. A letter carrier wouldn't walk that far in a week.

But Chicago is hot after this very situation. And when Chicago starts in earnest after a situation, things happen.

In discussing police toleration of crime in the days just going beyond recall, Judge Frank Comerford, whose indifference to gang pressure and stern conduct of the second Eller trial have distinguished him, says:

"Organized crime cannot exist a month without

police connivance. A good eighty per cent of the police department in Chicago is all right and ready to fit effectively into the reorganization of police effort which means so much to this city. The other twenty per cent must get out. They are the 'go-getters'—otherwise the 'dough-getters.'

"The penny wise and pound foolish economy that has given Chicago inadequate police protection is giving way to a sound policy of millions for extermination but not one cent for tribute.

"Commissioner Russell is an honest and capable man. He has the confidence and respect of the people. Give him unlimited power over the department. Take away the roving police squads. Assign the police to definite districts and hold them responsible. If crime develops in those districts, fire the men who failed to prevent it or who are unable to cope with it."

Which is precisely the plan upon which Commissioner Russell is proceeding with obvious and gang-startling results. Let us hope that the second city in America will not remain permanently in the grip of organized crime.

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